THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 68. PUBLICATION OFFICE No. 725 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1889. $2.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 33

FOREVER.

BY S. E. W.

So you are one with me?
(Love me forever!)
Now that you love me, sweet,
Life has begun with me,
Mine its endeavor.
How will you prove me, sweet?
(Love me for ever!)

Will you grow old with me?
(Love me for ever!)
But could I'away you, dear,
If you grow cold with me?
(Change to you? Never!)
How shall I stay you, dear?
(Love me for ever!)

The Marked Stone.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PIECE OF PATCH-WORK," "SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER," "A MIDSUMMER FOLLY," "WEDDED HANDS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

IT WAS a dreary November day; the murky twilight was fast changing to darkness, and snow was falling fast—the first snow of the winter. It lay thickly upon the white lanes and fields, and upon the great cone-shaped peak known throughout the Cumberland dales as Musgrave's Pike—thickly upon the vales and dells of Ullsdale—and more thickly still upon the brow of Scaw Fell.

About the base of the Scaw the snow had been whirled by the wind into wild eddies, and gathered into fantastic wreaths, strangely fanciful and beautiful.

The little rippling beck, which wound its way among the crevices of rock, was now held in icy bondage, and crested thickly with the feathery white mantle.

Within the jaws of Black Gap, which lay between the Scaw and the lower range of hills beyond, the flakes were drifting into fast-growing crystal walls—here smooth as polished marble, there curling like a foaming billow about to break and fall.

Every crag on the sides or shoulders of the lofty Scaw was crowned with its glittering diadem.

It was a scene magnificent in its wintry splendor, but awful too—how awful only those who have faced the terrors of a lead storm can know.

It was piercing cold and profoundly silent. As far as the eye could reach no living creature was to be seen; the hills and dales were as deserted and desolate as a vast white tomb.

Suddenly the air vibrated, every crag and peak echoed to a cry—a cry which was followed by a loud whistle, and that again by the barking, strong and exceedingly deep, of dogs.

Half-way up the craggy shoulder of the Scaw, a moving black figure was visible against the dazzling background of white, together with two dogs that frisked and plunged and barked, scattering the snow-flakes wildly.

Supporting himself with a thick iron-bound staff, springing from crag to boulder and from boulder to crag with the sure and confident foot of a practised mountaineer, this one man who was out in the storm descended the side of the Scaw; now slipping as the treacherous snow-wreaths yielded beneath his weight, now recovering himself, now pausing to take breath and to shout a panting word to the dogs, and to test, with the aid of his staff, the strength of the next foothold where his feet must rest.

He was surely a native of the dales, for no one else would thus have faced the storm, and, in the growing darkness, risked his life in the descent of the great giant Scaw.

His broad-shouldered and sturdy figure, his rough warm dress, his plaid and gaiters, might all have belonged to a native herdsman; but the hand with which he grasped his staff, brown and strong as it was, hardly looked like the hand of a shepherd or farmer; and the clear-cut, handsome, almost boyish face, lighted up by a pair of splendid dark eyes, and bearing about it an indefinable air of good breeding, proved him to be of a clan far above the ordinary dalesman. His voice too, as he called to the dogs, although it had in it a strong touch of the North-country "burr," was not a voice which proclaimed its owner to be one of the dale peasantry.

He was thoroughly out of temper, at any rate, for, as he came to a halt after a vigorous spring which landed him upon a small projection about three-fourths of the way down the side of the Scaw, he muttered an angry imprecation upod the snow, the cold, and the solitude, and pushed away the great sheep-dog which came leaping to his side.

"Down, Gurth! Get out, you brute! D'ye want to upset me, you clumsy fool?"

Gurth, a great black dog with a white breast and a white tip on his tail, couched at his master's feet with an abashed look and a whimper. Relenting, the young man patted his head, an act which so elated the spirits of the second dog—a handsome young brindle bitch with quaint-looking ears and a splendid white tail—that she set up a shrill volley of barks as she too couched and pawed the snow of the little platform which was barely wide enough to hold the three.

A fall would probably have been the death of either dog, but their master himself was not more sure-footed than they. The crag on which he stood carelessly poised looked almost ready to topple down into the glen beneath; but with his staff planted in the ground before him he was as entirely master of himself as he might have been had he stood on the vale below. He brushed his hand across his eyelashes, to clear them from the snow-flakes and with his keen eyes tried to pierce the thick white fall.

"This is about the last walk we shall take on this side of Christmas, Gurth," he said addressing the dog. "This means a snow-up, boy!"

Gurth pricked up his ears, wagged his tail, glanced round at the prospect, and then gave one short bark, clearly meaning that he thought so too.

"That's what you think about it—eh?" said his master, laughing. "We'd better have stopped at home, Lady, old girl. There Get on!"

Lady responded with a whisk of her white tail, but modestly declined to lead the way. The young man drew his plaid more closely round his neck, throwing its end over his shoulder, and, raising his staff, he was just about to spring upon the next projecting point below him, when he paused and stood perfectly still, listening intently. It seemed that the very dogs understood, for they were as mute and motionless as he.

"It was a cry!" he said. "Wasn't it?"—looking about him. "Yes—there again!"

Although muffled and faint, he knew it was the cry of a human being that broke the silence. He listened again, and again it came, still weaker than before. There was no doubt about it now. Somewhere at the base of the giant Scaw, lost in the treacherous snow, some wandering creature—man, woman, or child—was lying, freezing to death.

Leaping, staggering, slipping, he was in a few seconds at the base of the Scaw. Not a sound but his own breathing broke the stillness; the snow-flakes fell faster, and the wind was rising. With his head erect the man listened.

But, sharp as were his eyes and ears, he heard nothing. He shouted—a loud ringing shout that echoed from rock to rock, from peak to peak, and then died away faintly upon the distant range of hills. There was no answer—not a sound.

Gurth was searching eagerly among the deepening drifts, and presently, from the very jaws of Black Gap, there came one deep, sonorous bark, followed by a volley in Lady's sharper tones. Their master understood their meaning at once—they had found something. In another moment he had plunged through the almost blocked passage at the entrance to the gorge, and was down on his knees beside a dark heap from which both dogs were trying to clear the snow with their paws.

It was a fair girl, with an abundance of loose golden hair falling over her black cloak—pale, cold, pulseless—a sight which for a moment made the discoverer stare in blank amazement.

The next instant he had raised the girl's head so that it rested against his knee, and, taking a flask from his pocket, he forced some of its contents between her bloodless lips Whether it was swallowed he could not tell—there was no perceptible action in the throat; but he hardly gave himself time to see.

He stood erect again, and glanced about him anxiously. It was growing darker, the snow was thicker, the cold keener. The dogs stood watching him, waiting for a sign to dart away.

"If I send the dogs," he muttered, "it's ten to one whether they'll understand—the fools! If they do, they'll think it's only sheep. Cordelia might know—but, no, I won't risk it. Back, Gurth!—down, Lady! I suppose I can do it. It's a tug, though! Good thing she's only a little one!"

Speaking the last words, in a tone of gruff indifference, as coolly as he might have commented upon the size of a block of wood, he stooped down again, took off his plaid, wrapped it as well as he could about the head and shoulders of the insensible girl, and, that done, lifted her in his arms, taking her on his shoulder much as he might—and would—have hoisted a dead sheep, and, with the same air and look of reluctant indifference, plodded heavily forward, the dogs shambling slowly behind him.

It was not more than an hour since the snow had commenced, but already any but slow and toilsome movements were impossible.

The drifts were so deep that only experienced feet and sturdy strength could, even at a slow and cautious pace have forced a way through them, although the walker was unburdened.

This man knew every inch of the ground, and, despite the weight he carried, kept on steadily.

Neither man nor dogs seemed to notice the way they took or to look before them; any of the three could have found their way home blindfold, and not one diverged from the straight track, from the base of Scaw Fell, across the broad sweep of the dale, down the deep glen which bounded it upon that side, and so on round the foot of the tall peak known to all as Musgrave's Pike.

They skirted it, followed the glen a little way until they reached a rough natural break in the rugged wall of the rock which rose upon the left-hand side—a break that served as an entrance to the narrow vale or gorge beyond, and which was bounded on its other side by a similar wall.

Master and dogs passed through the opening, and stood but a few paces away from a pair of huge iron gates, rusty and neglected. The young man advanced, roughly pushed the nearest gate with his shoulder, and, as it yielded, with much rasping and creaking, entered the large court-yard upon which it opened, leaving it to swing behind him. By this time, sturdy as he was, the weight he carried had nearly exhausted him; he was panting, and almost reeled as he made his way through the snow, which even here, in a sheltered spot, was above his ankles.

It was falling so thickly and the black night was closing in so fast that the building towards which he painfully made his way was hardly visible; but it appeared to be a huge uncouth castle-like structure, of whitish stone. Ancient, frowning, and gloomy, strong as though hewn out of the living rock, it looked, with its three towers—of which the centre one was the tallest and largest—a rude feudal fortress, which time had spared or had almost forgotten.

Staggering and panting, as his stiffened arms almost refused to support the burden on his shoulder for even another yard, the young man reached a small door in the east tower, and, with a thrust of his foot, kicked it open. It gave entrance to a great room, like an ancient dining-hall, where upon a wide hearth an enormous fire of peat and logs flamed red and high. A heavy fur rug lay before it, and, advancing, he let the senseless girl slide from his arm to the ground, and sank upon his knees beside her, too exhausted for the moment to move or cry for help.

CHAPTER II.

There was no need however to call, for almost immediately an old man entered the hall.

He was short and spare, bent and bow-legged, dressed in rough clothes of awkward cut, and with hair as white as snow, a sharp sour face seamed with innumerable deep wrinkles, and lighted up by a pair of intensely sharp greenish-looking eyes under bushy gray brows. Sharp as his eyes were, he did not at first see the two figures by the fire; he hurried across to the outer door, through which the snow was drifting as it swung to and fro, and closed it with a slam.

"Who'nd be freezing us by letting in the snow in this way?" he grumbled. "One o' they heedless lassies, I'll lay a crown. Drat 'em, a set o' brainless giggling things they be! Well, let 'em spark out there in the snow as long as they like, they don't come in by this door"—viciously shooting two or three heavy bolts, and letting a massive bar of iron fall into its socket. "They mun come in through the keyhole for me. Save us!" he cried shrilly, as in turning away from the door his eyes fell upon the two figures lying by the fire. "Master Dermot!"

"What are you squealing at?" The young man addressed as "Dermot" stood up as he put the question, and eyed the old fellow morosely. "Just call somebody—Margery or one of the girls. Look alive, old Dan, can't you?"

"But—but what is it, Master Dermot?" the old man quavered, looking with a ludicrously scared and uncertain air down at the prostrate figure on the rug with the white face and drenched hair.

"What is it? What d'ye think it looks like?" retorted Dermot. "It's a girl. I found her, just as you see her now, at the foot of the Scaw just inside Black Gap, and that's all I know about it, except that, if you don't look alive and call some one, I'll make you. D'ye hear, old Dan? Fetch Margery, or some one that can do something besides gape like a fish out o' water. Are you going?"

Old Dan disappeared, at a smarter pace than might have been expected of him, down a dim stone passage at the farther end of the hall. In a few minutes he was back again with a tall thin hard-featured old woman, in a huge mob-cap of plaited muslin and short full skirts, together with a couple of buxom broad-faced damsels, both with wide-open eyes and mouth.

Dermot, drawing back from the rug, abruptly addressed the old woman.

"Look here—just see to her, Margery, will you? She has fainted, I suppose; anyhow, she was like that when I found her, and a precious little fool she must be, to be out here in a storm like this. Hallo, Cordelia!"

A lady had come through the low doorway in the panelled wall by which old Dan had entered first and now placed her white hand on Dermot's shoulder.

She was young, looking some years under thirty, and so much like him that no one would have needed telling that they were brother and sister.

But, while he was sturdy, she was slender, almost shadowy, and the dark hair that curled crisply over his head was in her case twisted into a thick smooth coil without waves or ripple in it; in place of his brown skin her face was pale and fair to delicacy; his lips were firmly cut, and could be compressed on occasion into a sharp line of decision, hers were tremulous and gentle.

But the greatest difference between the two faces was in the eyes. His, dark and lustrous, were large, bright, and piercing. Hers, fully as large and beautiful, were almost unpleasantly bright, and there was a painful expression in them such as one sees in the eyes of a person who is terribly frightened, almost to the verge of madness, or who is living beneath the pressure of an awful load of fear.

Dermot Musgrave's eyes were beautiful, Cordelia Musgrave's were haunting. They were wide and wondering now, as she glanced at the insensible girl on the rug by the fire.

"What is it, Dermot?" she questioned nervously. "Who is she?"

"I'm sure I don't know," replied Dermot bluntly. "How should I? She must be a nice little fool whoever she is! Ulladale's a fine place for a girl to be in by herself in a storm like this, I think."

"But where did you find her?" Miss Musgrave asked.

"Just at the entrance to Black Gap, three parts buried; the wind has drifted the snow frightfully, and but for the dogs I doubt if I should have found her. We heard a cry, and so were keeping our eyes open."

"You heard her cry out?"

"I suppose it was she—there was nobody else to do it. I was about half-way down the Scaw when I heard it first, and didn't lose any time, I needn't tell you, for I knew well enough it wasn't a sheep. But she had fainted by the time I found her."

"And then——"

"I carried her home."

"My dear boy—all that way? Right from Black Gap?"

"Of course; there wasn't anything else to do—was there?" retorted Dermot. "She doesn't weigh much more than a good-sized kitten, either. I couldn't leave her there, I suppose?"

"No, no—of course not; but you must be dreadfully tired and hungry. Dinner is just served—I came out to see what was wrong. I must stay and help Margery with her—poor little thing, how pretty she is!—but you go in, Dermot. We would have waited dinner for you, but Durward said you would not try to cross the fells in such a storm."

"Durward's one thing and I'm another," Dermot muttered, "and, as for waiting, he needn't trouble himself. Can't I help you, Cordelia—you'll take her upstairs, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, of course!" said Miss Musgrave hastily. "But can you manage it, do you think?"

Dermot replied by lifting the girl from the rug, and holding her on his shoulder with his former air of indifference.

Miss Musgrave, signing to old Margery to follow her, led the way through a cold, bare, and winding stone passage to the foot of the turret staircase, which was so old and worn that a band of mail-clad warriors would have looked a more fitting procession to ascend it than the figures which now passed up in single file.

"Going to put her into your room?" Dermot asked when the top of the staircase was reached.

"Of course—where else?"

Cordelia opened a small door deeply sunken in the oak-panelled wall and led the way into an octagon-shaped room, rather dark and low-ceiled—peculiarities which the heavy and massive furniture, especially the huge tapestry-draped bedstead, only rendered the more prominent.

A large fire of peat and logs burned upon the steel dogs of the hearth, and the atmosphere was welcomely warm after the intense coldness of the staircase.

With apparent unwilling gentleness Dermot put his burden down on the bed.

"Can't do any more, Cordelia, can I?" he asked.

"No, I think not. Go to your dinner—you must want it—and do not wait for me; I may not come down again. And, Dermot, pray change your clothes; they are sure to be wet."

"If they are they can get dry again for me," he responded in his brusque manner, which was yet less brusque to Cordelia than to any one else, and then went out and, shutting the door, quickly descended the old stone stairs.

He did not go back to the hall, but, turning to right, went along, the echoing passage and winding ways until he reached a great oaken hall, beside which the other would have been dwarfed, and which was, in fact, the entrance hall of the central tower. Crossing it, he opened a heavy dark door and passed through.

Lighted by another large fire, and by candles placed in heavy silver candlesticks, and in sconces against the oaken walls, the old room in which he stood was yet almost in the shadow.

No candles could have lighted it up with its almost black floors and walls, its groined ceiling, its long narrow windows, its massive carved furniture, from whose dark and worm-eaten surface no light could be reflected. What light there was seemed to be concentrated about a table, which, plainly laid for dinner was drawn up not far from the fire.

Three men were seated at it, busy with their knives and forks; the chair which Miss Musgrave had hastily pushed back stood at its foot. Dermot, advancing took the vacant chair, which was his usual seat, and, with a nod at the others, attacked the food which had been brought to him by the one servant in attendance.

He was naturally taciturn, and would probably have finished his meal in silence, had not the eldest of his three companions, who sat at the head of the table, addressed him.

"So you ventured across the dales, Dermot?"

"Of course, I wasn't going to stop if I knew it. Youlmere would have been a nice place to be snowed up in—worse than this."

"You think the snow will last then?"

"Looks like it. It mostly does last when once we get it. It's pretty thick by the Scaw already, and Black Gap's very nearly choked."

"You came through the Gap then?"

"No, I didn't. I climbed the Scaw."

"In a storm like this, and very nearly dark? My good fellow, you should be more careful. Good dalesman as you are and as well as you know every part of the fells, it was really dangerous."

"Dangerous? I'd undertake to find my way blindfolded, in a worse storm than this if I were put to it," said Dermot.

"Well, well," rejoined the former speaker, kindly. "Only be careful, my boy, only be moderately careful, that's all I say. When I was your age I liked a good scramble over the Scaw as well as you do now. We Musgraves are born cragsmen."

"H'm! Some of us perhaps," muttered Dermot, glancing half sarcastically, half contemptuously at the person seated opposite to him, whose face flushed swiftly and hotly as he retorted:

"Trying to break one's neck is an excellent pastime no doubt, for those who like nothing better. Unfortunately it has no charm for me."

"Nobody ever suppose it had that I know of. At any rate it's always pretty clear that you take good care to keep yours safe," Dermot responded stolidly.

He might have added more, but the first speaker interposed with his kindly and gentle air and changed the subject.

"Well, well," he said coaxingly, "every one to his taste—every one to his taste!" It isn't every man who has got your nerve and muscle, Dermot, my good fellow. We can't have everything. What about that notion of yours? Was it a wild-goose chase after all?"

"Can't tell yet," answered Dermot curtly; continuing to ply his knife and fork; "but it will take pretty strong proof to make me believe I'm wrong. Things look more and more suspicious, anyhow."

"Suspicions do not count for much," said a fourth member of the party.

"Perhaps not; but half the men who had dangled at a rope's end had only suspicion against them at first, I suppose," said the young man coolly, and with not a very friendly glance towards the speaker; "and it strikes me that the suspicion is getting pretty black against this particular gang. It isn't only my own opinion either."

"Whose then?" asked the gentleman at the head of the table curiously.

"Old Knabb the excleseman's; and I suppose he ought to know. He didn't want me to suggest the idea to him—says he's had the notion any time these two months, and has had his eye on a set of fellows.'

"What fellows?"

"A good many of them, but principally upon those I mentioned—Scarf Beck Will, Miner Tim, and Nat-'o-the-Dales. It's Knabb's notion that if they are carrying on the game they've got their still over somewhere on Scouter Fell. That's his idea about it."

"And not yours, then?"

"Not by a long way. It's my belief that they're on the Scaw itself."

"On Scaw Fell?"

"Yes! Fact is, I met the three of them on my way to Youlmere this morning, and they looked precious queer and shy and slunk away. They were making straight for the Scaw, and I'll wager anything that that is what they were after. There are half-a-dozen caves in the Scaw to one in Scouter Fell, and, besides, it is too far off. If they are at it they want to sell the whisky round at the miners' cottages, and it's at Mossendean that there has been so much drunk lately. Yes, it's on the Scaw that the ascent lies."

"What does Knabb mean to do?"

"He was going to organise a party and look well into it, but this confounded snow will stop him, I expect."

"And you meant to make one of the party I suppose?"

"Rather!" said Dermot most emphatically.

"You have made no search to-day, I hope?"

"Not properly—only kept my eyes about me. I should have done though, but for the storm. It began just after I left Youlmere, and the snow came down rather thickly. It strikes me it means a snow-up."

Dermot said no more, but applied himself vigorously to his dinner. None of his companions spoke for a little while, but sat silent in their places, hardly moving, each apparently absorbed in his own train of thought.

The grave, gentle, gray-haired man at the head of the table was Sir Dunston Musgrave, the master of White Towers. His tall thin figure, his broad forehead deeply lined, the unmistakable Musgrave eyes, lustreless and sunken, and his whole form and face, oddly and indefinably weak, gave strangers the impression that Sir Dunston Musgrave was almost an old man, although in fact he was hardly a middle-aged one. Looking at the very least fifty-five, he was barely forty.

He looked like a man crushed down by a hopelessly heavy weight of daily care, to which time brought no relief. His voice was soft and gentle, his expression kindly, his manner abstracted and musing, his habits solitary.

His pursuits and pleasures had, in the course of years, dwindled down to one. In his library, among his books, busy with the abstruse and often perfectly useless studies which he loved, he was pleased and almost happy.

In any other place, in any other society, he was uneasy and constrained, longing obviously to return to the only thing which could be said to yield him pleasure. He did not always leave his seclusion to sit at the head of the dinner-table at the White Towers; and when his chair was left thus vacant it was not his brother Dermot who occupied it.

Between the gray-haired old-looking man of forty and handsome, sturdy, sunburnt, almost boyish-looking young fellow of twenty-four there was a third brother, who in his way was perhaps the most striking figure of the three.

He was shorter in stature and slighter than either the eldest or the youngest of the brothers, and instead of the splendid Musgrave eyes, with their keen steady brightness, his were blue, soft and melting; his hair was almost golden in its fairness, his features girlish in their perfection and delicacy.

With his slender graceful figure dressed in clothes which in cut and style would not have disgraced any West-end drawing-room, his dainty linen and smooth white hands, his perfectly-fitting boots and his air of well-bred langour, Durward Musgrave was a contrast to the room and everybody in it, and certainly looked a man who would be very careful indeed of his neck.

The fourth member of the party—the thin, muscular, plain young man with hard-featured face and bright steel-gray eyes, who sat between Durward Musgrave and the Baronet—was a very unimportant person, only Sir Dunston's secretary and amanuensis.

Stephen Gifford was a man who feigned to see nothing and understand nothing outside the montonous round of his daily duties, but who saw and comprehended anything and everything about him which he cared to know.

More than once those keen eyes of his wandered towards Cordelia Musgrave's vacant chair, as though he wondered why it remained empty, but he asked no question and made no comment.

Rousing presently from his reverie, Sir Dunston seemed for the first time to notice his sister's absence from the table, and asked, pushing the thin gray hair off his forehead, where she was.

Dermot took upon himself the task of replying as he handed his plate.

"She's looking after the girl, I think."

"The girl?" Sir Dunston echoed wonderingly.

"Yes; I found a girl and brought her home. She'd fainted right in the very jaws of Black Gap. Pretty place for her to be wandering about, the little fool! It would have served her right if I'd left her stay there."

"What do you mean?" asked Durward, half rising from his chair, a sudden hot flush tinting his delicate face, an unusual brightness in his blue eyes. "You found a girl, you say, Dermot? Where? Who is she?"

"How do I know?" was the curt reply. "Didn't I say she was in a dead faint? All I know is that I heard a cry when I was about half-way down the Scaw, and found her lying just by Black Gap."

"And she is like what?" asked Durward in an excited tone.

"Don't know what she's like!" said Dermot, almost contemptuously. "A little bit of a thing with a lot of yellow hair—a jolly lot of yellow hair—and she doesn't weigh much more than a kitten. That's all I know about her."

The young fellow then went on with his dinner, having spoken as curtly and ungraciously as he could speak, as though the whole subject was distasteful to him.

Sir Dunston, leaning back in his chair might have been either listening or dreaming. Durward sat for a moment in deep thought, with his tightly-clenched hands resting on the table.

Stephen Gifford watched, with his keen gray eyes, the unusual emotion and excitement on his face and the stolid indifference expressed in that of the youngest brother.

"She had fainted, you say—fainted at the foot of the Scaw, in the very jaws of Black Gap," Durward continued. "She did not speak at all, then?"

"Couldn't very well when she was like a dead thing—could she?" returned Dermont.

"And you carried her home—here?"

"How could I get out of it?" I couldn't have left a sheep there—it would have been mutton by the morning, twenty to one. As to bringing her here—where else could I have taken her?"

"You called her a girl. You don't mean a child?"

"No; she's a woman."

"And a lady?"

"Very likely. She didn't look good for much, if that's what you mean. Confound it—go and look at her if you want to know what she's like! You're mightily curious. It's a pity you weren't there instead of me—it would have been more in your line. You might have been there, you know," he added maliciously, "only you are so fond of your precious neck. Go and ask Cordelia about her."

At any other time Durward would have retorted long before this, and a quarrel, with supercilious satire on the one side and brusque anger on the other, would have been in full swing.

But the intense, almost painful interest with which the elder brother pursued the conversation made him forget to retort.

He mused again for a moment, looking as before at his clenched right hand, then again addressed Dermot.

"Had she recovered before you came away? Did she speak to Cordelia?"

"Hadn't so much as opened her eyes. Why?"

"I—I thought you might have heard her name perhaps."

He spoke nervously, his face was flushed and his eyelids drooped; he was unconscious of Stephen Gifford's gaze, which just then was keener than ever.

Dermot, then rising, stared hard at his brother incredulously for a moment, then

broke into a loud half-mocking laugh of mingled amusement and contempt, and swinging round upon his heel, strode out of the room.

He went across the great central hall, into the east tower, up the winding stone staircase, and tapped softly on the oaken door of his sister's room. It was opened almost immediately, and Miss Musgrave came out.

The dark landing-place was lighted only by a small oil-lamp, and, seeing by its light who stood there, she uttered a soft exclamation of surprise.

"You, Dermot? I thought it was Durward."

"Catch him coming away from the fire on such a night as this! Aren't you coming down to finish your dinner?"

"Oh, no—I am not hungry! Have you finished?"

"Oh, I'm all right! Though I'd just come up to see how you were getting on. Has she"—jerking his head in the direction of the closed door where the girl was—"come round yet?"

"Not entirely. She opened her eyes and murmured something—I could not tell what—and then seemed to fall asleep. I hope she will not be ill—she seems such a fragile little thing. Whatever could she have been doing in the dales alone such weather as this?"

"Goodness knows!" ejaculated Dermot.

"I would send for a doctor," said Cordelia, with an anxious look; "but I'm afraid no one could get to Mossendean in this dreadful storm. Of course it would be impossible to reach Youlmere."

"Well, I should think so! You wouldn't talk about it if you knew the sort of tramp I had. Never mind a doctor. Old Margery is as good as a dozen. She'll be all right by morning, you'll see."

"I hope so," returned Miss Musgrave falteringly. "I wish she had spoken, if only a few words. Don't think me foolish, Dermot, but it is all so very odd—and I could not help wondering what her name might be."

The expression in her beautiful melancholy eyes was strangely like that in Durward Musgrave's when he too had asked the name of the unknown girl.

Dermot looked amused, but, instead of laughing at her, he laid his hand protectingly on her shoulder.

"Why, you're as bad as Durward, Cordelia! That's just what he said."

"Did he?"—passing her hand over her forehead. "And, if he did, what then? What more natural? How can I wonder at it? Dermot, how can you wonder at it? Answer me—how can you? Think of the coincidence—the wonderful coincidence—even as far as it has gone. If her name should prove to be what I could be almost certain—what I am almost certain it will—what will you say then?"

"Why, I shall say it's a queer thing, of course," Dermot admitted reluctantly, as if the concession were wrung from her against his will.

"You will call it only that?" she queried slowly.

"Why, what else, in the name of—all the ghosts in goblin-land—would you have me call it?" he retorted impatiently. "Look here, Cordelia——"

He stopped, for suddenly her two slender hands had clutched his arm tightly, and her large eyes, filled with that awful look of terror which seemed always lurking in their depths, were staring at him fixedly.

"What's that?" Cordelia gasped, in a breathless whisper. "Listen!"

The wind had risen, and now blew violently: a building less solid and substantial than the old Castle might have quivered beneath its fury.

And over White Tower, audible above the rage of the storm, there rose a terrible shriek—a dreadful scream as of some creature in its death agony, and followed by a long low mournful wail.

Cordelia Musgrave's face was deathly pale, for a moment the color in Dermot's brown cheeks faded, then he recovered himself and laughed.

"Pooh!" he said. "It's the wind!"

"The wind!" she echoed passionately. "How can you say that? You, a Musgrave belonging to this fated house, living beneath this unhappy roof, and knowing as you do the curse that is laid upon us! Listen—there again!"

Once more, as the words left her white and quivering lips, there came the terrible cry over White Towers, and again it died gradually away in a lingering melancholy dirge-like wail.

CHAPTER III.

THE inmates of White Towers awoke very early on the following morning; it was not quite light when the gaunt figure of old Margery appeared in the huge stone-floored kitchen of the Eastern tower, and her sharp decisive North-country tones began to rate the young maid-servants as they reluctantly set about their tasks.

Next appeared old Dan, sharp-tongued and grim, snapping and complaining as he seated himself upon the settle beside the great fire, and commenced his day's labor by drinking a mug of strong ale and smoking a pipe of bad smelling tobacco, waiting for the bell over his head to clang and summon him to his master's room that he might help his master to dress.

Presently Dermot appeared on the scene bright-eyed and sturdy-looking as he sauntered into the great hall, and stood, with his hands in his pockets and his dogs at his heels, staring out of one of the narrow windows at the snow-covered court-yard without.

He was rather sulky and put out, for not a shepherd in all the dales could read the weather tokens better than he, and he felt certain that there was more snow to come yet—a good deal more. The idea of him being snowed up at the White Towers for a week or perhaps two, was not at all pleasing to him.

Everybody in the Castle woke up in his or her turn, but the last pair of eyes to open upon the snowy beauty of the day were those of the girl whom Dermont had found, the evening before, lying senseless at the foot of Scaw Fell.

They were beautiful eyes of bright dark blue, and contrasted well with the mass of golden hair which was curling about the fair little delicate face and over the tapestry-hung bed.

They encountered another pair of eyes, dark and melancholy, shining half anxiously and half curiously from a grave pale face.

Cordelia Musgrave bent forward, speaking with gentle reassurance, for the glance that met hers was scared and wondering.

"My dear, you are quite safe, don't be timid. You lost yourself in the dales, you know. You were brought here last night."

"What place is this?" asked the girl, glancing questioningly about the room.

Her voice was neither shy nor weak, but decisive. A sweet little voice too, Cordelia Musgrave thought as she answered:

"It is called 'White Towers,' or 'The Castle;' but 'White Towers' generally."

"Yes. And it is—where?"

"Close to where you were found: not very far from Knairesdale. You were going there, perhaps?"

"No; to Carlisle."

"Carlisle? My dear child, that is several miles away!"

"You were traveling alone then?" inquired Cordelia.

Herself the most timid and shy of women, she wondered at the composure, coolness, and self-possession of this girl who then seemed little more than a child.

"Oh, yes—I always do; there isn't any one to be with me, so I must!" She raised herself upon her arm, and looked up into Cordelia's face with her frank eyes. "My father is dead, you see," she said, "and my mother too, so I have got used to taking care of myself. And I have always managed to do it until—when was it—yesterday?"

"Yes, only yesterday. And you were going to Knairesdale?"

"Yes, and to Carlisle afterwards. I have a new situation near there as a companion. I have had to get my own living since my father died; and I started from Longtown yesterday morning. I got safely to a place called—Youl-something, I think it was!"

"Youlmere?" suggested Miss Musgrave quickly.

"Yes—Youlmere. I though I could go straight on to Carlisle by train, but I found that I had to ride right across the country to Knairesdale; and I had only just money enough for my ticket from there to Carlisle, so of course I couldn't ride."

"You poor little thing!" ejaculated Cordelia pityingly.

"So I set out to walk."

"Why, it is at least seven miles!"

"I don't know in the least how far it is"—as well as she could, in her recumbent position, she shrugged her childish shoulders—"but I know that it seemed to me nearer seventy. They told me at the station that it was not very far; and, as there was no help for it, I thought I had better try. It was the best that I could do, you know."

"And then you lost yourself?"

"Did I? I suppose I must have done; I tried to remember the directions they gave, but I got confused. I had never been in such a strange wild place before; I was almost frozen with the cold, and it was getting dark. Then the snow began to fall, and made things worse. I did not know which was my way in the least. I think I must have walked in a circle, for I could not get away from one great wedge-shaped hill, and I was so tired! I remember dropping down close by the hill, and wondering whether the snow would bury me before any one found me, when I heard a dog bark, and cried out; but then I fainted, I suppose."

"Yes; you had fainted when Dermot found you," said Cordelia.

"Dermot?" queried the girl.

"Yes—my brother. He was coming home from Youlmere with his dogs, and heard you cry out. How very fortunate!"

"Very, for me!"—with a quaint smile. "And did he carry me here?"

"Of course; he could not leave you there."

"I suppose not; but it was very good of him. I should have been dead by now if he had not found me, no doubt, and I don't particularly want to die, although there is no one to care if I did. I should like to thank him—if I may—and you too——" Her eyes wandered from Cordelia's face to the ringless left hand, lying on the coverlet with a questioning look which the other at once interpreted.

"My name is Cordelia Musgrave," she said.

"And you, too, Miss Musgrave.

With a sudden impulsive movement she put her lips to the white hand, letting her cheek rest upon it caressingly.

Cordelia was touched.

She did not speak for a few minutes, but sat watching the fair little face, the cloud of golden hair, and the blue eyes turned attentively towards the high narrow window that was a mere barred slit in the thick wall.

She thought Dermot's foundling was the prettiest, quaintest little thing she had ever seen.

Presently the girl looked into her face again.

"Was the snow very deep, Miss Musgrave?".

"It was a very heavy fall, though not much for our dales. We are quite snowed up though!"

"You do not mean that I cannot go on?" in a tone of consternation.

"To-day do you mean? Oh, it is impossible! If you knew what our snow-storms are like, you would not ask the question. Even if it were safe for you to go out in such bitter weather after your exposure of yesterday, you could not possibly reach Knairesdale; all the paths and roads must be blocked. What—does it much matter?" questioned Cordelia, as she saw the look of dismay on her hearer's face.

"Indeed it does! I may lose my situation. I promised to be there yesterday; and, although I have never seen her, I fancy from the style of her letters that Mrs. Brierly is a very particular person. I'm sure she won't think that her companion had any right to get lost."

"Mrs. Brierly?" echoed Cordelia.

"Yes; that is the lady's name."

"You do not mean Mrs. Brier of Waveliscombe?"

"Yes; that is the place," said the girl, opening her eyes widely. "Do you know her, Miss Musgrave?"

"Yes, very well. We were at school together; and I visit her sometimes."

"Oh, I am sorry I said she was disagreeable then!"

"She is not disagreeable, but rather particular in some of her ways and notions," returned Cordelia with a slight smile. "It is very fortunate that I know her, I will write to her to-day, and send the letter as soon as I can possibly get it taken to Knairesdale—it can be posted there. I will explain to her how it is that you are forcibly detained here, and that you will be with her as soon as you are well enough, and the condition of the road permits of your travelling. Will that do?"

"Oh, yes! How kind you are Miss Musgrave! You see, I have really no home at all except my situations. But I'm quite well now; you must not think I'm delicate because I am such a little thing. I have never been really ill in all my life. I can't afford it you know!"

"Dermot said last night that you did not weigh much more than a good-sized kitten," observed Miss Musgrave with a grave smile as she rose. "What is that?" in answer to a tap at the door. "Oh, come in, Margery!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

STICK to your legitimate business. Do not go into outside operations. Few men have brains enough for more than one business. To dabble in stocks, to put a few thousand dollars in a mine, a few more into a manufactory, and a few more into an invention is enough to ruin any man. Be content with fair returns.

Bric-a-Brac.

AS QUEER.—An old saying is "As tight as Dick's hat-band." The following is given as its origin. The hat-band of Richard Cromwell was the crown, which was too tight for him to wear with safety. Few things have been more absurd than the exaltation and abdication of the Protector's son. The crown of England would be "fine" for the possessor. "Dick's hat-band which was made of sand," etc. All references to Richard Cromwell, the son of Oliver.

HIRING FAIRS.—At the present time around Whitsuntide, hiring fairs are held in the South of Scotland and North of England at this period of the year, but these are, for the most part, confined to farm servants. In some districts the servants stand in a row at certain parts of the street, ready to treat with proposing employers. These hirings, however, are now not so much used, both masters and servants finding it more convenient to make their engagements in a better manner.

BEER TORTURE.—In forty years, from 1620 to 1660, the judges of the city Leipsic, in Germany, condemned at least twenty thousand people to torture and death. A refinement of cruelty was that committed by the Dutch on the English in Amboyna, where the victim's arms were nailed to the upper beam of a doorway, his feet tied to the sides, underneath his soles were placed lighted candles, torches were applied to his arm-pits, and then after a bandage had been placed about his chin beer was poured into his mouth and he was compelled to swallow it until he was as full bodied as an ordinary Dutch brugomaster.

VALENTINES.—The drawing of valentines was an ancient custom, and it may be interesting to record the few facts known as to the saint. He was a priest of Rome in the third century, and was put to death by order of the Emperor Claudius, about 710 for denouncing paganism. In the middle of February there was formerly observed at Rome the feast of Lupercalia, kept in honor of Pan and Juno, and it was customary to put the names of young women in a box which were drawn by young men and the custom gave rise not merely to harmless flirtations but to disgraceful orgies, against which the Church protested. Even the Christian converts, however, being unwilling entirely to abandon the old custom, it is said that the clergy under St. Valentine instituted lotteries with the names of saints instead of young women on the tickets, and they became the patron saints of the young folk.

RINGS.—In former times, according to an old writer, it was esteemed highly improper for single or unmarried persons to wear rings, "unless they were judges, doctors, or senators." For all these dignitaries such an unwarranted ornament was considered an evidence of "vanity, lasciviousness, and pride," and was looked upon as a great piece of presumption on the part of the wearer. Another authority dwells upon the fact of affianced persons being allowed this honorable decoration, and cites it as an evidence of the high honor in which the estate of wedlock was then held that those about to enter it might be so adorned. But while finger rings have figured conspicuously in the political, court, and ecclesiastical history of all times, it is their record as love tokens and marriage emblems which lends the greatest interest to these pretty or priceless (as the case may be) baubles of mankind.

COMPASSES.—Compasses are said to have been known to the Chinese 1115 B. C., and were brought to Europe by Marco Polo, a Venetian, 1260, A. D. It has been stated that the *fleur-de-lis* or lily was made the ornament to the northern point of the compass, out of compliment to Charles, the king of Naples at the time of the discovery. The compass is said to have been known to the Swedes in the time of King Jarl Birger, 1250. Its variation was discovered first by Columbus, 1492, afterwards by Sebastian Cabot, 1540. The compass box and hanging compass were invented by an English divine and natural philosopher, in 1608. The measuring compass was invented by a German, in 1602. The caliper compass, whereby the bore of cannon, small arms etc, is measured, is said to have been invented by an artificer at Nuremburg, in 1540.

CLAY and rock are given us; not brick and squared stone. God gives us no raiment; he gives us flax and sheep. If we would have coats on our backs, we must take them off our flocks, and spin them and weave them. If we would have anything of benefit, we must earn it, and, earning it, must become shrewd, inventive, ingenious, active, enterprising.

WHAT TIME TAUGHT.

BY SUSIE M. BEST.

There was a time when I thought the earth
A land full of joyous song and mirth,
When I never stopped to think that the years
Might carry me close to the fountain of tears.

When I chased the butterfly worldly pleasure,
Not dreamed of its disappointing measure,
But many a lesson the grim years taught me,
Many a weariful toil they brought me.

Life that I thought was a merry clown,
Scowled in my face with a tragic frown,
And the Land of Love that I journeyed in
Lay close to the Borderland of Sin.

Laughter and tears from the same fount sprang,
And Peace to Passion closely clung;
Night, like a robber carried away
Illusions that brightened an earlier day.

Sorrow clipped close the wings of joy,
And I found in my gold some base alloy;
Many an idol I set on a throne
Proved but a bit of senseless stone.

And yet tho' some of my dreams are fled,
The beauty of living is not all dead;
There is yet some sweet in the cup I drink,
And life is still worth living I think.

Shadowed by Fate.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NULL AND VOID," "MADAM'S WARD," "THE HOUSE IN THE CLOSE," "WHITE BERRIES AND RED," "ONLY ONE LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

HE had not seen the place for years, and its magnificence struck him as freshly as if he beheld it for the first time.

"Mr. Barrington is expecting you, my lord; he is in the library," said the butler.

Lord Heron just glanced round the spacious hall, and with a strange sensation entered the library.

Mr. Barrington rose to meet him with a grave face.

"Good morning, my lord!" he said; "you see, I have sent for you!"

"Yes; I am sorry!" said Lord Heron. "I was in two minds about coming! Barrington, I wish it could have been avoided! I feel as if I were intruding here!" and he sank into a seat, and regarded the lawyer with knitted brows.

Mr. Barrington shook his head.

"My lord," he said gently, "it is no intrusion."

Lord Coverdale started.

"You have received some news?" he said in a low voice.

"Important news!" responded Mr. Barrington solemnly, and he took up a paper from the desk. "My lord, I have received an answer from Naples."

"Yes!"

"And it is as I feared; there is no registry of Mr. Knighton's marriage. It is impossible that any marriage can have been solemnized, and——" he paused.

Lord Coverdale half rose from his easy-chair.

"And you are master here!"

Lord Heron turned pale.

"Poor girl!" he murmured. "But surely there are some formalities!"

Mr. Barrington inclined his head.

"You have to make good your claim, she can oppose it. I am her lawyer, and I do not say it offensively, my lord, unfortunately yours. I must give up one of my clients; which shall it be?"

"Me!" said Lord Heron Coverdale instantly. "Defend her case to the very best of your ability, Barrington; fight it inch by inch!"

Mr. Barrington sighed.

"I do not think any lawyer was ever before placed in such a difficult position," he said gloomily. "But I must do my duty. I shall advise my client to contest your claim to the last shred. And now my course is clear. It was my duty as your legal adviser to give you the information respecting the absence of any registration of marriage, it is now my duty as hers to oppose you."

"So be it, with all my heart," said Lord Coverdale.

"But still," said Mr. Barrington grimly, "you are master here, I—pardon me—I fear!"

"I quite understand, Barrington," said Lord Coverdale; "and I shouldn't think so well of you if you deserted the poor girl for me."

"And now you will stay to lunch, my lord?" said Mr. Barrington.

As Mr. Barrington expected, Lord Heron shook his head.

"Not another moment," he said resolutely. "I was hoping that there might be news of Miss Knighton; that is one of the reasons that induced me to come here."

Mr. Barrington shook his head.

"There is no news," he said.

The two walked towards the hall, the footmen and butler eyeing them with covert curiosity.

"You will still remain near at hand, my lord?"

Lord Coverdale nodded.

"Yes!" he said.

As he spoke, a groom came into the hall and stopped, rather embarrassed at the sight of the two gentlemen.

"A letter, sir," he said, handing it to Mr. Barrington.

The lawyer took it and started.

"It is not for me," he said, "but for you," and he slowly handed it to Lord Heron.

"For me!—and sent here!" he said as he quickly read the address: "The Earl of Coverdale, Knighton Revels, Beverley."

Mr. Barrington touched him on the arm, and signed to him to return to the library.

"This is strange!" said Lord Heron. "Who can have written to me here? It is a lady's handwriting!"

As he spoke he opened the envelope and took out a sheet of paper.

"Good gracious, Barrington!" he exclaimed, a scarlet flush rising to his face, then leaving it pale and disturbed; "look at this!—listen!" and he slowly read aloud:

"I resign any claim I may have to the estates and property left by Godfrey Knighton, of Knighton Revels. If Lord Coverdale, to whom they now belong, considers that he owes me anything for this resignation, he can best admit his indebtedness by refraining from any attempt to learn the place of refuge of one who was known as,

"IRIS KNIGHTON."

Mr. Barrington took the note and read it, his hand trembling, his face pale.

"As I thought!" he said. "Just what I expected! There, my lord, is the last obstacle to your succession removed, and by her own hands!"

Lord Coverdale took the paper, and would have torn it, but Mr. Barrington stopped him.

"Pardon me, my lord," he said grimly; "that is a legal document, and I am a lawyer. Besides, what would be the use of destroying it? You could not efface or alter her resolution! I know her, my lord! I know her; a nobler, more high-spirited girl——" he stopped, and turned away his head.

Lord Coverdale went to the window; for his eyes were moist.

"What is to be done now?" he said.

"One thing only," said Mr. Barrington. "This decides my course of action; my client's will is law to me! Whatever may be done afterwards, whatever arrangement may be made, I am bound—bound—to acknowledge you as the master of the Revels, and heir of the Manor of Knighton and Beverley!"

"And if I refuse to accept——"

"Then," said Mr. Barrington gravely, "I must also refuse to accept such a responsibility of carrying on the estate. I should put it in Chancery, and I think you know what that means, my lord! No, take my advice still. You are the rightful owner. Accept what Providence has bestowed upon you with all its responsibilities; if for no other reason, for this; that by so doing you will save a magnificent estate from ruin!"

Lord Heron sank into a chair, and buried his face in his hands. A solemn silence brooded over the room.

Then he looked up.

"If I do this, mark me, Barrington, it will be only for that reason. I regard myself a guardian of the estate for the person I still consider its rightful—natural owner—this poor girl!"

"Not rightful," said Mr. Barrington, with stern justice.

"She must be found at once!" said Lord Coverdale.

Mr. Barrington pointed his thin forefinger to the last portion of the note.

"You have no right to disregard her injunction, my lord," he said; "but I shall not give up the search, though I feel it to be hopeless."

"Hopeless! A young girl who has disappeared a few days ago only?"

"A young girl! Yes. But a girl very different from the ordinary run of young women!" said Mr. Barrington with sorrowful pride. "Miss Knighton—for I must call her so still, my lord!—Miss Knighton is no ordinary young girl moved to the course she has taken by a fit of hysterical grief and excitement! I have known her since she was a child, have watched her grow into girlhood, womanhood! Most beautiful women are, I am told, fools; no one could be more removed from a fool than Iris Knighton! With the Knighton pride she has inherited her father's resolution and self-reliance. She is not only an accomplished girl, with every charm a girl could possess, but"—he paused and emphasised his words by striking his finger on the table, his wrinkled face flushed and agitated,—"she is a girl of good sense,—of sense, my lord! She is one in ten thousand!"

Lord Coverdale listened gravely, a feeling of surprise overwhelming him.

How did this description of the acute and dispassionate man of law agree with that he had received from the girl he had met!

"Forgive my warmth, my lord," said the old man, wiping his forehead; "but I feel so strong an admiration for that gentle, beautiful young creature—— There, there! To business, my lord."

"The first business I transact as—as heir to Knighton, Barrington," said Lord Coverdale gravely, "is to instruct you to draw up a deed of gift, handing over the half of the income to Miss Iris Knighton!"

Mr. Barrington stretched out his white hand.

"My lord, I thank you!" he said, with simple dignity. "And now, will you come to luncheon? We can talk while we eat."

As they passed once more into the hall, Mr. Barrington beckoned to the butler.

"Please understand," he said, "that the Earl of Coverdale is master here. You will obey his orders from this moment."

The butler stared, and his face flushed; the footmen and a maidservant who were passing drew nearer; but before they could speak, Lord Coverdale, with suppressed emotion, held up his hand.

"What Mr. Barrington has told you," he said in a voice that he could scarcely keep firm, "is, I am afraid, true! I say afraid, because I know that you would rather have seen Miss Knighton in her old place as mistress here. I wish it as heartily. You may yet welcome her back; but until that time comes,—if it should come,—I take her place. You are at liberty to tell your fellow servants."

One or two of the footmen—young men and comparative strangers—made an attempt at a cheer, but Lord Heron held up his hand and looked round sternly, and in silence the group dispersed.

Mr. Barrington led Lord Coverdale into the dining-room, and lunch was served.

"Surely, never before has a man taken possession under such painful circumstances!" said Lord Heron, pushing his plate from him.

"I can sympathize with you; I fully understand what you feel, my lord," said Mr. Barrington. "But my hope,—my fervent hope,—is that things will yet come right. At any rate, you have to do your duty! You are here, with none to oppose you, and—" he smiled rather sadly—"though the affair will be a ten days' wonder, on the eleventh the world will find something else to amuse it, and the circumstances attending your succession will be forgotten."

"But I shall not forget, Barrington," said Lord Heron, moodily regarding the handsome room, with its panelled walls and old-time furniture. "I shall know no peace until Miss Knighton has accepted what I offer."

"Would to heaven we can persuade her!" said Mr. Barrington.

There was silence for a minute or two, each dwelling on his own thoughts, then the lawyer roused himself.

"I suppose you know no one in this place; none of the county people, who are now your neighbors, my lord? But of course you do not!"

"No," said Lord Heron. "I have heard of them, but know no one. Lord Montacute——"

Mr. Barrington sighed.

"A most excellent gentleman, my lord," he said. "This revelation and trouble of Miss Knighton has gone near to break his heart."

"I understand," said Lord Heron in a low voice. "Poor fellow! They were engaged?"

"No; by no means. Lord Montacute proposed a few days before Mr. Knighton's death, but Mr. Knighton put him off."

"And Miss Knighton?"

Mr. Barrington shook his head.

"I think not. I do not think she cared—my lord, to Lord Montacute's honor, be it spoken that he repeated his proposal to Miss Knighton after he knew of her sad misfortune!"

"He is a noble fellow!" said Lord Heron earnestly. "Thank Heaven, I have such a neighbor!"

Mr. Barrington inclined his head in solemn assent.

"If anyone can find her in London, or wherever she is, he will do so!" he said; "he or Felice!"

"No time must be lost!" said Lord Heron earnestly, "and no money spared. Please Heaven, before the week is out—"

Mr. Barrington sighed.

"Will you come round the house, my lord?" he said after a minute or two. "I should like to take you over it. There are one or two things,—leases, and so on,—that must be seen to at once."

"In a minute or two," said Lord Heron absently; then he looked up with a faint flush and marked hesitation. "Who is in the immediate neighborhood, what other families?"

"There are all the Gomershalls at the Grange."

"Lord Gomershall—yes, I know. He has no family, has he?"

"No," said Mr. Barrington. "And the Deverells at the Towers."

"Have they any family?" asked Lord Heron.

"Yes; two boys," said Mr. Barrington.

Lord Heron looked unsatisfied.

"Well?"

"Well, the only other people who live appreciably near are the Waltons;—Sir Hardinge Walton; he is a widower, with one daughter. They live at Coombe Walton."

"What is she like?" demanded Lord Heron, flushing, and raising his wineglass. "A tall girl, with dark hair and eyes—a very beautiful girl?"

"Miss Walton is pretty, yes," said Mr. Barrington, "but she is not tall by any means; and she is fair, very fair. Why did you ask, do you think you know her?"

"No, no," replied Lord Heron hurriedly. There was a silence for a moment, then he said, "There is a tall, dark young lady, answering to my description, living somewhere here, is there not?"

Mr. Barrington pondered a moment.

"Near here?" he said very thoughtfully.

"Yes, near enough to be riding in the neighborhood," said Lord Heron.

Mr. Barrington shook his head.

"No," he said, "I know of no one. Why, my lord?"

"Well," said Lord Heron, hesitating with all a lover's reluctance to speak of the woman of his heart.

She seemed so very sacred to him, that he could scarcely force himself to mention her.

Besides, he had almost promised not to try and discover her name, though his altered circumstances might be considered to release him from even the most distinct promise.

"Well," he said at last, "I have met a young lady—twice—near here. She was tall, and very beautiful."

Mr. Barrington's keen eye bent itself upon him, and a faint smile twisted the thin, shrewd lips.

Lord Heron flushed redder still.

"She was the most beautiful girl I ever saw!" he said with sudden warmth.

"And you do not know her name?"

"I do not," replied Lord Heron.

"I know of no one—there was Miss Knighton—" he said sadly.

"Oh, it was not her!" said Lord Heron quickly. "I know that much!"

"Strange!" mused the lawyer. "I know everyone in this place, my lord, gentle and simple. Perhaps it was one of the farmers' daughters?"

"Certainly it was not a farmer's daughter!" said Lord Heron, with great emphasis.

"Then I am afraid I cannot help you, my lord," said Mr. Barrington as he rose. "Shall we go round the house now?"

Lord Heron rose with a sigh. He seemed fated to remain to the last moment in ignorance of the very name, even, of the girl who had won his heart.

Mr. Barrington led the way into the hall.

"You have been here before, my dear lord?"

"Yes," assented Lord Heron.

"But there have been many alterations," said Mr. Barrington, as a footman opened the door of the great drawing-room. "This room has been almost rebuilt. It was decorated by Leighton. The ceiling cost five thousand pounds."

Lord Heron walked across the magnificent room, and looked round him pensively.

There were flowers on the table, and books. He picked up one of the latter, and as he opened it, he saw written on the blank page, "Iris Knighton, from her beloved father."

With a pang he put the book down as if it had stung him, and crossed to the piano.

Some sheets of music lay on the top, and as he bent and looked at them, the same name again stared up at him—Iris Knighton!

"Let us go on," he said, in a very pained voice.

Mr. Barrington glanced at him questioningly; but Lord Heron, in silence, followed him into the conservatory. It had been built in the Italian style, and utterly regardless of cost; and was indeed, rather a palm house than an ordinary conservatory. Lord Heron looked round at the rare and exquisite exotics, over which the palms formed a canopy; at the fountain of white marble and the aviary of singing birds.

"It is a lovely place," he said, and walked down one of the aisles.

As he did so he saw, lying beside a cactus, a pair of small scissors and a lady's long glove.

He took it up.

"Miss Knighton's," said Mr. Barrington in a suppressed voice.

Lord Heron dropped it quickly. The whole place seemed eloquent of the poor girl whom he had supplanted!

Mr. Barrington directed his attention to the view.

"One of the grandest in England," he said, "and all you see, my lord, is your own!"

The words struck almost harshly upon Lord Heron's heart, and the very glove he had dropped seem to echo them.

Mr. Barrington turned, and they went by a corridor, lined with statuary, into the smoking and billiard room.

"This room was not much used," said Mr. Barrington; "but it was always kept in perfect order for visitors. Here is the morning room. Miss Knighton liked it better than the large dining-room."

Lord Heron followed him up the staircase into the upper corridor, and a maidservant opened some of the doors.

At one of them Lord Heron looked into a beautifully-furnished boudoir, its pale blue satin hangings shimmering in the soft sunlight.

"Miss Iris's room, my lord," murmured the girl. "Will you walk in?"

"No, no!" said Lord Heron, stepping back quickly. "For Heaven's sake—that will do!" he added hurriedly. "Let us go downstairs into the open air, Mr. Barrington."

"One moment, my lord," he said. "I would like you to see the picture gallery. It is as fine as any private collection in the kingdom, perhaps excepting Blenheim. You have art treasures enough here to stock a provincial museum," he added, waving his hand down the long gallery, with its magnificent collection of pictures and statuary.

Lord Heron walked along the tesselated floor, his hands behind him, gravely examining the pictures; and he knew that the lawyer had not spoken very extravagantly.

"Mr. Knighton had the family portraits arranged in the hall," said Mr. Barrington. "You noticed them?"

"Yes," said Lord Heron.

"That is, all that the hall would hold," continued Mr. Barrington; "the later ones are hung at this end of the gallery. Here is one—Edward Knighton, and there is his wife."

Lord Heron moved along, looking up at the pictures.

He stopped for fully a minute regarding

sadly and gravely the portrait of the last Knighton—the man who had just exchanged all this splendor for a narrow space in the family vault.

"It is a good portrait,—life itself!" muttered Mr. Barrington with a sigh.

Lord Heron turned to the next. It was that of a young girl leaning against a grassy bank with a dog playing at her feet.

He approached it absently and unsuspiciously and raised his head; but no sooner had his eyes rested upon it than he uttered an exclamation, and in his amazed astonishment fell back a step.

There, smiling down at him from the canvas, was the lovely face of the girl he loved.

There she stood, very much as she had stood beside the quiet stream, with the same half sad, half-smiling regard in her dark eyes.

There could be no mistake; her sweet face was engraved on his heart! It was herself!

The very turn of the neck, the dark, soft hair, the attitude of the small shapely hands. It was the same—it was she!

"Merciful heaven!" he exclaimed, and the ejaculation seemed to come from the depths of his heart.

Mr. Barrington, who had moved aside for a moment, turned to him.

"What is the matter, my lord?" he said kindly.

Lord Heron, without removing his eyes from the portrait, raised his hand and pointed to it.

"Whose face—whose portrait is this?" he asked, and his voice, in his effort to make it calm and indifferent, sounded strange and harsh.

"That," said Mr. Barrington in a low voice, "that is Miss Knighton,—Miss Iris, poor girl!"

Lord Heron's hand dropped to his side, then went out towards the back of a chair, and grasped it firmly.

"What is the matter? Are you ill, my lord?" asked Mr. Barrington.

Lord Heron stood for a moment silent and motionless, then he turned, and Mr. Barrington saw that his face was white to the lips.

"Nothing!" he said. "Nothing is the matter!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

IRIS was exhausted, and soon the rhythmical sound of the horses' feet and the tinkle of the bells on their harness lulled her to sleep and to a brief forgetfulness.

How long she slept she knew not, but when she awoke, the sunlight was streaming through an opening in the canvas cover of the cart, and, looking out, she saw before her the cloud of thin, filmy smoke which hung like a canopy over the great city.

Mr. Knighton had no town house, but nearly every year he rented one of the large mansions in Park Lane, and he and Iris used to spend a month or two there in the height of the London season, and they had been welcomed as noteworthy additions to the ranks of society.

As the daughter and heiress of the lord of the manor of Knighton and Beverley, Iris had been a personage of some importance, even in London, and her beauty and grace had made her the belle of many a ball and reception.

Her former visits had been ones of pleasure and social triumph, but how was she entering London now? In a carrier's cart; nameless, friendless and alone!

Pale and wan she leant against the boxes and looked out with an aching feeling of solitude and misery, but still resolved to maintain her determination.

Nearer and nearer the now tired horses drew towards the great hive, and presently they stopped at a wayside inn, and the old carter came to the back of the cart with a steaming cup of coffee and a plate of bread and butter.

"Oh, you're awake, are you, miss?" he said with a nod and a smile. "You have had a good sleep, haven't you? I've looked in at you now and again, and you was sleeping like an infant. Ah, there's nothing like clean straw! I've heard of folks that stuffed their pillows with hope to make 'em sleep, but give me a toss-up of clean straw in a cart as don't jolt too much! I've brought you a cup of coffee and some bread and butter. I expect you be hungry."

Iris could not eat even a morsel of the bread and butter, but she took the coffee gratefully.

"That's all right," said the old man cheerily, as she gave him the cup back; "nothing like a cup of coffee in the early morning for ladies, but give me beer!" and with a chuckle he tossed off half a pint.

After a short rest the horses plodded on again, and entering London by a southern suburb, pulled up, finally, at a very quiet inn in one of the streets near Covent Garden.

That great thoroughfare, the Strand, was in full stream, and Iris, as she stepped from the cart, felt like a feather dropped upon the bosom of a rushing river.

In her excitement and nervousness she left the bag containing the jewels behind her in the straw, but the old carter climbed in and got it, and held it out to her with a smile.

"Very nearly forgot it," he said, as Iris, flushing a little, was sliding half-a-sovereign from her purse. "What! Is this for me?" he exclaimed. "Oh, but it's too much, miss," and he eyed her with a new born curiosity and interest.

"No, no," said Iris, hurriedly, "it is not too much. I am grateful, deeply grateful to you. But for you—" she stopped, and the old man, scratching his head, looked at her doubtfully.

"Well, it's very liberal of you, miss. I suppose they give you good wages down at the Revels! And now you know where you are? That's the Strand, there," he added, pointing his whip, for Iris looked round confusedly; "what part are you going to?"

Iris hesitated a moment.

"This will do," she said at last; "will you mind my asking you not to tell anyone——"

He interrupted her with a chuckle and an elaborate wink.

"I'm mum, miss! Lor bless you, you've no call to be afraid. It ain't likely a young lady like you would like to have it known that you traveled up to London in old Job's cart! Wild horses won't drag it out of me. But this 'ere half sovereign, you're sure you can afford it?"

"Quite sure!" said Iris with a faint smile, the first her face had worn for many a day. "Good-bye, and thank you again," she added, and, letting her veil fall, turned away.

But where? That was the question! She made her way into the Strand and mingled in the stream that flowed westward; and as she went, each moment she felt more than before how like she was to the feather in the river.

She began, too, to feel the real truth of the proverb: "There is safety in numbers."

Even if Mr. Barrington or Lord Clarence should discover that she had ridden to London in the carrier's cart, it would be difficult for them to trace her in this multitude.

But every individual of the throng in which she moved had some abiding place and home, and as yet she had none!

At first she thought of going to an hotel, but she shrank from the idea.

To gain a little quietude, for the noise of the traffic was bewildering her, she went into a confectioner's and got a cup of milk and biscuit, and over this she sat and pondered.

She had read of heroines who had been cast adrift in London, and they had invariably met with some accident which introduced them to the rescuing hero and all had eventually ended happily for them both.

But she was not a heroine in a novel, and there was no likelihood of any such happy chance for her.

At last she rose and paid for her milk and biscuit and went out into the Strand again, having arrived at no decision whatever.

From the Strand she walked to St. James' Park and there she sat down, her bag beside her, her eyes fixed wearidly and perplexedly upon the green trees which revealed, in every leaf, the dear woods of Knighton which she had left forever!

Before her passed the nursemaids with their children, the tall guardsmen in attendance; strollers in pairs, and arm in arm; and now and again they glanced at the quiet figure sitting so motionless and inert.

Presently a young lad came along the gravel path.

She looked at him as absently as she had looked at the other passers-by, but for some reason her eyes settled upon him, and she watched him with something like attention.

He was a pretty boy, with long fair hair that fell upon his collar; in one hand he carried a violin case, and in the other a stick upon which he leant, and Iris saw that he was lame.

His face was very pale and wore the look which denotes suffering and the patience born thereof.

As he came nearer he raised his eyes from the ground, upon which they had been bent, and Iris was struck by their beautiful translucent blue.

He limped along so slowly that she had plenty of time to regard him, and when he reached the seat upon which she sat, he glanced at it wistfully, but seeing that it was partly occupied, was going on with a timid smile, when Iris, obeying an impulse, drew her dress closer and moved further towards the end.

It was so plain an invitation that the boy stopped, and flushing vividly, drew near and seated himself, but at a respectful distance from Iris.

Looking down at him, she was surprised to see that what she had taken for a child of ten or twelve was a lad of sixteen or seventeen; she saw also that he was poorly clad, and that his face was pinched and wasted, and the small hands thin and drawn.

Leaning back against the seat, he sat, his fingers clasped on the violin case, his eyes half-closed, and Iris could hear the long-drawn breaths of weariness and weakness.

He was so small and weak-looking, that Iris's heart felt drawn towards him, and in her gentlest voice she said:

"Have you walked far?"

The lad started, flushed, and turned his blue eyes upon her with a very faint wonder and gratitude that she should speak to him.

"Yes, miss," he replied; "I have walked rather far."

"You look tired," said Iris compassionately.

"I am tired, I think," he admitted timidly. "It is hot in the streets, and I thought I would walk as far as the park and see the trees," and he looked round wearily; "they always do me good, if I feel ever so bad."

"I understand," said Iris softly. "Is that a violin you have there?"

His eyes lit up, and he patted the case with a gesture of affection difficult to describe.

"Yes, yes; this is my violin," he said in a much brighter voice. "Do you play it?"

Iris shook her head.

"But you are fond of music, miss?" he asked, with a wistful eagerness.

Iris smiled.

"There are very few people who are not, are there?" she said.

He nodded once or twice.

"I suppose there are not, thank heaven! I thought you were fond of music," he added almost to himself.

Iris smiled again.

"Why did you think that?" she said, more for the sake of keeping him talking, for her loneliness was telling upon her and creating an aching desire for some human companionship, and the soft, low voice of the crippled lad fell like music itself on her ear.

His pale face flushed, and he glanced up at her deprecatingly.

"I don't know. It was your face, I suppose, miss," he answered meekly. "I think I can always tell."

"You must be very clever! You are so young," she was going to say, but stopped.

"I, clever?" he echoed with a smile, and he shook his head. "No, miss; I can do nothing but play my violin."

"Most people cannot do that," said Iris encouragingly.

"Because they don't try," he said simply.

There was silence for a moment, then he got up slowly and painfully, and raised his worn, threadbare cap.

"Good afternoon, miss, and thank you!" he said in a low voice.

"Why do you thank me?" said Iris.

He flushed, and his lips quivered as he looked at her and then from side to side.

"I—I don't know," he answered in a vaguely troubled voice. "Because you made room for me, and—and have spoken so very kindly, miss. I—I beg your pardon."

He was meekly limping off, when Iris slowly rose and laid her hand on the violin case.

"Let me carry this for you a little way," she said; "you are still tired."

"Oh, no, no!" he remonstrated; but Iris took it out of his hand,—it did not require anything more than the gentlest force, and walked beside him.

When they reached the park gates, he stopped and held out his hand for the case.

"I mustn't take you any further out of your way, miss," he said kindly. "Thank you very much for all your kindness!"

"You have not taken me out of my way," said Iris, and she added mechanically, "I have no way!"

The looked at her with very faint wonder.

"Are you a stranger here, miss?" he said timidly.

"Yes," replied Iris. "What place is this?" for they had crossed the road and entered a long, quiet street.

"This is Markham Street, and that is Oxford Street. Where do you want to go, miss?" and he stopped again and looked at her anxiously.

Iris's face flushed, then grew pale and weary again.

"I—I do not know," she said quite helplessly.

He stared at her with surprise and a dawning pity.

"I am quite a stranger in London, and—and I do not quite know where to go."

"Your friends, miss?" he suggested humbly.

Iris's lips quivered.

"I have no friends," she said, smiling bravely.

His wonder grew, and he looked up at the beautiful face which had worn so gentle an aspect towards him with wistful eagerness.

"No friends—and you a lady!"

"It is quite true; I have no friends, no place to go in this great big city," said Iris, trying to speak cheerfully, as one would to a child.

"Do you—you know London very well, I dar say!—do you know of any place where I could get lodgings?"

She put the question as timidly as he himself could have done, and for the moment the poor crippled boy and the lady seemed to have exchanged places.

He shook his head.

"Not fit for such as you, miss," he said; "I only know poor places——"

"It is a poor place I want," said Iris. "But let us walk on, it is a shame to keep you standing so long. Do you live far from here?"

"No," he said kindly; "in the next street, miss."

"Well, then," said Iris gently, "you must let me carry your violin case home for you."

He offered no remonstrance now, but walked on, his blue eyes bent thoughtfully to the ground.

Presently they entered a small, quiet street with a "blind" end to it, and he stopped at one of the houses and looked at Iris uncertainly.

"This is where I live, miss," he said hesitatingly. "It is a poor place——"

"It is very quiet," said Iris with a sigh, for small and grim as the street was, it looked quiet and respectable, and it seemed in her outcast condition a very haven of refuge!

"If—if you think," said the boy, "that it is good enough—I mean you could get lodgings here: I beg your pardon, miss, for suggesting it: it's such a poor place!"

As he spoke, the door opened, and a woman said sharply, but not unkindly——

"Now, Master Paul, your tea's waiting——"

Then she stopped short at sight of Iris, and looked from one to the other inquiringly.

"This lady," said the boy flushing and stammering, "wants lodgings." Then he went up to the woman and spoke rapidly! and Iris caught the words, "So kind to me. Carried my violin!"

The woman eyed Iris with all a Londoner's keen scrutiny and suspicion, but her shrewd grey eyes softened after a moment's inspection at the sad beautiful face with its unmistakable expression of refinement and goodness.

"Do you want lodgings, ma'am?"

"Yes," said Iris simply.

"I've got rooms to let," said the woman, but still doubtfully, "will you walk inside, ma'am?"

Iris followed her upstairs into a small parlor, and the boy limped after them with an eager flush on his face. Iris noticed that though the room was a tiny box and poorly furnished, it was scrupulously clean.

"Take a seat, ma'am," said the woman.

The boy remained at the door, his eyes wandering anxiously from one face to the other.

"I am a stranger in London," said Iris, in her low soft voice; "I have only just come up from the country. Your little friend is quite right when he says that I want lodgings."

The woman nodded.

"I've got a couple of rooms to let, certainly," she said, "I suppose you can give reference, ma'am?"

Iris's pale face crimsoned for a moment.

"I am quite a stranger," said she, "that is—I cannot give reference,"—then as the woman's eyes seemed to grow hard, she added with a happy thought—"but I have money, I can pay in advance."

"Well, it's not usual," said the landlady.

"Now, Master Paul, you leave me to manage this business—" for the lad had muttered what seemed to be an eager expostulation—"the lady knows a person has to be particular nowadays."

"I understand," said Iris sadly, and she took up the bag which she had placed on the table; "I do not blame you. I will go now."

Paul limped in hurriedly, and laid his hand on the landlady's arm.

"Oh, Mrs. Barker!" he pleaded; "don't let her go! Don't you see how tired she looks? Don't you see that she's a lady? Don't be angry with her, please miss," he entreated, hurrying to Iris, "everybody is so hard and suspicious, they are made to be so! Don't go, miss."

The landlady colored.

"I'm not hard and suspicious, Master Paul," she said indignantly; "all I said was that it wasn't usual to take anyone without some kind of reference. But if the young lady offers to pay in advance——"

Iris took out her purse at once, and her eyes grew moist, for the thought of turning out again into the crowded streets, homeless and friendless, was dreadful.

"There is some money," she said, laying a couple of sovereigns upon the table.

The landlady's face cleared at the sight of the gold, and she took one sovereign and pushed the other back.

"The rent is ten shillings a week, ma'am," she said; "that's two weeks in advance. This is the room, and I hope you'll be comfortable. I'm not hard, though Master Paul says I am; and I'll do what I can to make you comfortable, and now I hope you're satisfied, Master Paul!"

The boy nodded and smiled, his blue eyes sparkling with satisfaction; then his pale face flushed, and he stood on tiptoe and whispered in the landlady's ear.

"Master Paul says that maybe you'd like a cup of tea, ma'am," she said, "and would take it in his room, while I tidy up a bit here."

"I will, gratefully," said Iris; but she added gently, "the room is as clean as it could possibly be already!"

It was a lucky speech, and it won Mrs. Baker's heart more effectually even than the gold had done, and she followed Paul out of the room with the first smile her face had worn during the interview.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IN SOCIETY.—Seven young swells are having lots of fun in New York society this winter. Their aim is revolution—revolution of the deepest dye.

At the debut dance in honor of a young lady of fashion, these clubmen made a hit. They sauntered into the drawing-room dressed all alike in knee breeches and tailless dress coats. Their arrival made an instant sensation, and the debutante and the belles who were clustered about her studied the novel attire with admiration.

The knee breeches of each of the seven swells were of rich black satin, fastened at the knee with silver buckles. Black silk stockings encased the calves, and the dancing pumps were made after the fashion of the old Knickerbocker shoe and fastened with buckles of burnished silver.

The dress coats were of black velvet, cut somewhat after the style of shooting jackets, and were worn over low-cut waistcoats of black watered silk, such as is worn with the regulation dress coat of the present season. Each man wore a linen dress shirt, with plain bosom, and standing collar, encircled with a plain white tie

IN MEMORY.

BY F. M.

O mystery of the Summer night,
Beneficent with stars and sleep!
O beauty of the dusky light!
O silence exquisite and deep!

My heart, set wide to you, receives
An influence that will not pass.
O perfume of the living leaves!
O languor of the ripening grass!

There emanates from all these things
A suave still sense of blessedness,
While in my happy bosom sings
The mem'ry of her whispered "Yes."

MY TENANTS.

BY J. O. THOMAS.

CHAPTER II.

As I wandered down the one irregular street of the settlement towards the quay where my boat lay, I caught unexpected sight of the very man who was in my thoughts—the villainous tenant of my shanty.

Perhaps he had come there for stores; he was certainly alone.

It was very improbable that he would have any recollection of me, so that I could safely follow him; therefore, when he turned into a low tavern on the shore, I turned in too, and called for some brandy and water.

The men who were there rather stared at me at first, as not being a natural customer of the place; but they were already jolly, and some of them at once recognized my rascally friend as an acquaintance of the past, so that, when I subsided into a corner and slowly stirred the beverage which I had no desire to drink, they soon forgot me.

Presently they began to quarrel with Johnny, as they called the tenant of my shanty, because he declined to be convivial; he was willing to talk, but reluctant to drink, and they swore that he was afraid of his wife.

He answered that he wasn't, but—here he garnished his declaration with strong words—she never had seen him drunk yet, and he didn't choose that she should that day.

He was no fool, like some of them, who drank because they could not help it.

He took what he liked and when he liked, and he went without when it suited him best.

If that did not please any of them, let them stand forward and say so. He was ready for them.

The men stared, not at his courage, which was well known, but at the present form of it, which was a great novelty to them.

Those who had first spoken were silent now, but a red-bearded fellow, who was less drunk than the others, and who had spoken no word of welcome, now took up the battle.

"He's got a new wife, has he?" he sneered, "I wonder if anybody knows what he did with the last?"

"What I'd do again if I had the same sort," was the brutal answer, quite calmly given.

"And how did he get this new one?" asked the red-beard again.

He seemed to be supplied with more recent information than the rest. He had, in fact, been an old partner of my tenant's, and had shared his secrets in the past.

It was not until after his marriage that Johnny found it convenient to throw him over altogether, and he resented this proceeding.

His latest knowledge was probably obtained by accident, or it may have been the result of private spying.

"He saved her out of a shipwreck, and then he made her marry him. Took a deal of making, too. Perhaps he'll tell you how he did it."

Johnny stepped forward now with clenched fist and a look of fury on his face; then he checked himself suddenly and made an effort to regain his self-possession.

It did not suit his purpose to be led into a brawl at this moment, and he very likely guessed that his old comrades rather desired it—that they all of them resented his withdrawal from ancient habits.

"It's nothing to you, anyhow," he answered scoffingly.

"Well, I have heard that she wasn't the only one saved. There was two little girls on the island with her at first. I should like to know what he did with the two little girls. They ain't there now."

"I never hurt them," was the answer. "And if you knew what was going on at the time, why didn't you step in and stop the business, instead of leaving me to play it as I liked? They'd have been precious glad to see you."

"You told me to keep quiet and make myself scarce, and I kept quiet and made myself scarce. I'm not one to interfere with any good pal of mine, so long as he is a good pal to me," said the red-beard tranquilly, as if he enjoyed an easy conscience on this and all other points of his past career.

So far as I afterwards understood the miserable story to which the two men made reference, it was this. The poor girl who was now the wife of one of them had left happy English home on a two years' voyage.

She had accepted the situation of governess in a wealthy family about to sail round the world in their own yacht.

She had been offered a handsome salary, and she accepted it for the sake of her mother (who was the widow of a clergyman), and her two young sisters. They were poor, and the money would help to educate the sisters.

The yacht, while cruising among a group of coral islands, struck on a hidden reef, of all those who tried to escape from it only she herself, a couple of sailors, and the two little girls, reached the shore alive.

The place they landed upon was inhabited by no one but savages; the sailors tried to establish a friendly communication with these and were speedily slain.

The young girl, who had, herself unseen, witnessed their fate from a distance, afterwards managed to keep herself and the children hidden away.

They were her charges, their parents were both dead, and she seemed to feel herself responsible for them to a degree which bore heavily upon her after-fate.

On the first appearance of a white man she appealed to him for help, and the first man who happened to appear was Johnny.

He had found her and the children half dead from starvation, living besides in hourly terror of torture and death. His partner was actually not far off when he made this discovery; but it did not suit him to say so; he chose to play the part of deliverer alone.

What happened afterwards I do not precisely know; the story was too painful for the heroine of it to narrate fully.

We put it together from the broken bits of information which we gathered from time to time after it was all over.

She soon discovered, however—of that there was no doubt—that the man on whose protection she had thrown herself was, in his own way, as remorselessly cruel as the savages themselves.

It was a revelation of the terrible limits of the possible when he told her that he desired to make her his wife.

His resolution was incomprehensible to her, but the novelty of the idea, in connection with a woman so unlike himself, pleased him, and he persisted.

Many women had, in the course of his adventurous life, shared his fortunes for a time more or less willingly, but never one who was a cultivated lady. She was the latest luxury he was inclined to secure for himself.

Her passionate repugnance and prolonged resistance to the proposal only awakened his fighting spirit and strengthened his brute determination to conquer her, and she passed through a dreadful time of misery before she resigned herself to her fate.

The turning-point of her decision was his determination—long threatened, and, at last, all but carried out—to take her away with him and to leave the little girls to perish alone.

When she found him inexorable in this resolution, and knew herself helpless against it, she yielded at last; she gave him her solemn promise to marry him, if only he would take them all away together, and let her care for the helpless little ones, who clung to her as a second mother.

Her sacrifice did not avail them much; they were already ill from misery and privation; and they both of them died before they reached the settlement to which he was taking her.

But he had done his best to fulfil his side of the bargain; and the thought never seemed to have occurred to her that she had any right to break her promise. After the death of the children she sank into a stupor of misery.

She was dumb, passive, despairing. She learnt, on her landing among civilised people, that she and all those who had been with her were supposed to have perished long ago.

She fulfilled her contract stupidly, hopelessly, like a creature whose consciousness has been deadened by prolonged pain and terror, and then she desired only to hide herself for ever from those who loved her.

If she had tried to escape from her husband, he would have followed her; and she would have brought into the lives of her mother and sisters a disgrace and an anguish of which they now know nothing.

They thought her already dead; they would grieve for her and forget her: it was better indeed so. She had, besides, as I came to understand, another fear and another thought.

There was one in England who would be driven mad by the knowledge of her wrongs; who would rush even into crime to set her free.

It would be better that she should die than that he should even guess what had happened to her. She would bear her fate alone, until death—her only hope—brought her at last release.

As for her husband, it was his pleasure to treat her well, in his own fashion; but it was the fashion of a man who, having no virtue himself, is accustomed to demand flawlessness in those who profess any

His belief in her was about to be put to a severe test.

"What sort of a wife is she?" the red-beard went on. "He's got her in a shanty belonging to a fine young Englisher. Does he think the Englisher's never been back since he took her there? A likely story, that. All I've got to say is; let him go and ask her."

He quaffed a deep draught of brandy, but he gave no glance at me as I sat in the background, and I thought his words were only a chance shot meant to irritate.

Johnny rose to his feet. The way he had kept his temper hitherto really surprised me.

"I'll go and ask her," he answered, and there was a set purpose in his look and tone; "if I find you have lied, I'll come back here and kill you for it. That's all I'm going to say now."

Without the loss of another moment, he went down to his boat and put off. His suspicions were evidently aroused, or he would have stayed to fight the matter out with his opponent.

There may have been a little difference in the manner of the girl after her interview with me, which he recollected now to her disadvantage—a little extra nervousness, an anxiety to leave the place, the thrill of an unaccustomed emotion, and of a recent interest in something outside her daily life with him.

He may have been conscious of the subtle change, and been puzzled by it; a new light was now thrown upon its possible meaning.

When I rose, instinctively, to follow him, the red-bearded man looked at me in a way which made me think that perhaps he was not so ignorant of my identity as I had supposed; and, indeed, it was easy for a frequenter of the place to ascertain both my name and my recent movements.

"Johnny," who relied upon a more direct and personal action in the management of his affairs, had not apparently troubled to do either.

I followed him mechanically, but I had not made up my mind what to do. I could not think of permitting his return, in his present mood, to that unprotected woman; it would be nothing less than consenting to her murder.

Yet it would be a foolish thing to attempt to interfere with him alone at this moment.

The men who had just seemed willing to quarrel with him would have instantly taken his part against me.

I should have made the position of the girl rather worse than better; he who attempts to interfere between man and wife does a difficult thing, unless he can separate them at once and forever.

I did not want to lose sight of him even for a moment, and my boat being ready, I put out to sea almost immediately after him.

He was too much absorbed in his own passion to notice me, and I had got away from land before I had made up my mind what to do.

Then I turned aside for the home of my friend, which did not lie far out of my course, and asked him to go on with me. He needed little explanation of my position.

It was sufficient that I wished to follow a man of bad character who was making for my island, and that I wanted help. He was ready at once.

"Shall we take a couple of men along with us?" he asked; but I was willing to spare the girl as much as possible, and I answered, "two of us will be quite enough."

So we went on together.

* * * * * *

In the long hours of our journey—for they seemed to me long, though we made what speed we could—I had time to relate to my companion as much of the story as it was necessary for him to know, and I judged that I had a right to tell.

As there were two of us to work the boat, and the man we followed was alone, we hoped and expected to overtake him before he could reach my island. In this, however, we were disappointed.

The delay, brief as it had been, caused by my turning out of the course for my companion, had given him too good a start.

We did not overtake him on the way, and when we turned into the little bay, we saw that we were only just in time; he was pushing up his boat on the beach and preparing to land.

He kept his eyes towards the shanty, and so intense was his observation in that direction that he did not look behind him at all, therefore we easily approached unnoticed.

When he had stepped on shore he walked straight towards the hut, but very slowly, like a man unwilling to carry out that which he has resolved.

His blindness to our presence was so remarkable, and must have been so contrary to long-established habits, that it would have been put down, a hundred years ago, to nothing short of magic.

The woman in whom he was so strangely interested must have bewitched him for his own destruction. So our ancestors would have said.

For my part, I think he was a man outwitted and undone by the passions within him. The old habits of violence were struggling now with the newly awakened instinct of kindness.

This woman whom he had conquered, and who was yet, in a subtle way, unconquerable, possessed a fascination and an interest which he could not overcome.

He could not properly comprehend the source of her influence over him; and the sense of being baffled while he seemed to be obeyed, had, perhaps, for a time kept his more brutal instincts in check.

The violent are often controlled by that which they cannot understand, but those who thus control them live in continual danger, because the undefinable barrier may at any moment be overleapt. The moment seemed to have come now with this man.

The interview with his old associates had been sufficient to break the spell; or at least that interview in combination with his own new suspicions.

Her passive despair had hitherto controlled him strangely; she cared for nothing, hoped for nothing, and seemed almost to have done with personal life. This mood was so unlike his own that it had impressed him with a feeling of mystery. Her inward life was far removed from him and incomprehensible.

But if her dreary indifference to the working out of her own fate was but feigning, if she was actually conspiring to escape from his keeping, if she had not resigned for herself all hope and effort, the secret of her influence was gone for ever.

She was out as the other women he had known, and even worse in having seemed better; capable of breaking faith to him (whose cruelty to her gave her, in his own eyes, no right to such treachery)—a liar and a deceiver like the rest.

He stood still for a moment staring up at the shanty as if he would have seen through its wooden walls; and in that moment we sprang ashore. Then he moved on, and his hand touched the door.

"He must not enter," I said breathlessly, as I thought of the girl inside.

But even as I spoke the door opened and the girl herself appeared there. She had heard his footsteps approaching the shanty, or perhaps the splash of his oars in the intense stillness, and she had dressed hurriedly to meet him.

She was probably always afraid of vexing him by any delay. If she now hoped to conciliate him by her promptness her purpose was frustrated.

He drew her out into the moonlight with a violence that made her shrink and tremble, and he stared hard into her face.

I confess that I was unnerved with terror on her behalf, and knew not for the moment what to do, seeing that she was already in his hands.

But my companion had lived longer in countries where a man's life is in his own keeping, and the moment's need makes the law. He quickly raised his pistol and pointed.

The man and the girl were now so close together that it would not be easy to fire at one without endangering the other, but my companion seemed cool.

We were both still and silent, and we were now standing in a black patch of shadow. I think we realized that the revelation of our presence would increase the girl's peril.

Her husband had grasped her by both hands; the moon shone full upon their faces, and I could see the strange wonder and terror on hers, the half rage and half relenting on his.

He said something to her, we could not hear what, and she shrank back from him with a new fear in her eyes, but without any answer.

It was as I had foreseen; his whole face darkened with fury; he thrust her yet further from him, but held her fast by one hand, and then he lifted a clenched fist high in the air.

She gave a wild look of despair round her; sudden death is dreadful even to those who have long desired it, and she believed herself alone in that desolate place with the man who had already spoilt her life, and who was now about to end it; she thought herself abandoned alike by heaven and earth; for who could help her?

There was no one even to see her or to know what her fate must be. In the hopelessness of her fear she did not cry out, she only tried to cover her face with the hand that was free (as I remembered afterwards).

But at that very instant a shot rang through the air, and her danger was over, his tyranny ended; he lay dead almost upon the threshold of my shanty.

We went forward then and showed ourselves to the startled girl, whose deliverance had come to her so unexpectedly that she could not realize it.

We sent her indoors while we carried away the body and buried it. The life of such a man counts for little in those wild places.

Afterwards we had a more difficult task; for the poor girl could not tell us what she wanted to do—she did not seem to know herself—and she was unwilling to reveal to us the names of her friends.

I had, however, a clue, in the address to which I had sent the money, and I intended to use it in case of need. She did not profess to lament her husband's death, nor did she show any sign of rejoicing at her freedom.

She looked simply bewildered, and altogether unable to understand her new position.

She had regarded her own fate as settled forever. All her hope had been to keep the knowledge of it from those who loved her.

She still shrank from any communication which must disclose to them her miserable marriage and humiliating experiences, her connection with a man who had been a hardened criminal.

We took her to the settlement. My friend and I both agreed that no time must be lost before sending information to her friends, whether she consented or not.

We saw her safe into the hotel, which was kept by a very decent Scotchman and his wife, and where she would be well cared for.

Afterwards, when our business was all done, my friend went off to his bachelor

establishment, and left me, for the time, in charge of this affair.

As I returned to the hotel I noticed the landlord standing in the doorway talking to a stranger. Catching sight of me, he remarked:

"That is the gentleman you are asking for," and disappeared inside.

I found myself immediately confronted by a tall, thin, and very angry-looking young man.

"Sir," he said, "a word with you."

His manner seemed to me offensive, though his appearance was entirely respectable. He rather looked as if he would like to knock me down without further parley.

"Two, if you like," I replied curtly, and led the way into a little parlor. There I turned and faced him. My own temper at the moment was not perhaps of the gentlest.

"I have to demand an explanation from you," he said, in a voice trembling with anger.

"You'll have to satisfy me first that you have a right to it," I retorted, feeling no inclination to be bullied.

"You've got to tell me," he said, coming a step nearer, "what you have done with Miss Robertson."

"I never heard of the young lady in my life," I answered.

"Don't lie to me," he said fiercely; "you have sent money to her mother. I got to know it at M——. And I have heard more of you. You have got her alone in your shanty on an island. You took her to M —— and forced her to marry you there, and then you dragged her away and let no one see her again. You have been the most abominable and detestable villain on this earth, and I have come here to make you pay for it."

He suffered so evidently in his strong passion that I should have forgiven him if his belief had been less insulting to me. The memory of Johnny was quite fresh in my mind, and I could not patiently hear myself identified with him.

"In the first place," I said coolly, "I should like to ask you whether I look like the villain you describe."

He stared at this rather, and I slowly went on:

"In the next place I should like to know what, if I have done all these things, you have got to say to it."

He became very pale, and quickly answered:

"I am a second cousin. It was against my wish that she came on this abominable expedition. When I heard of the loss of the yacht I could not believe she was dead, and I threw up everything to come out here to look for her."

"Is that all?" I asked, watching him, and reading his secret in his face.

"No, it isn't all. She was to have married me in two years; and now, if it's true what they say——"

He clenched his fist and his eyes burned. I was sorry for him.

"You have demanded satisfaction; and you shall have it at once," I replied, walking to the door. He tried to intercept me.

"But tell me first—is she——?" and he broke down.

He, foolish fellow, had ascertained nothing from my landlord, but only asked for me by name.

The two stories which he had somehow worked out, the one of the pearls and the other of the marriage, he had—perhaps naturally enough—pieced into one.

"I will tell you nothing," I answered, "follow me;" and I led the way down the passage to another door. I flung it open "Go in there," I said curtly.

He looked at me closely; he thought I meant fighting, and he knew he had been foolish, since the lady's fate was still uncertain, but he did not shirk it.

I waited for him to pass, and then he stood bewildered, for someone inside the room rose instantly. He looked at the vision incredulously, and for a moment she too hesitated.

Then he saw her come forward and fling herself weeping into his arms, which opened very readily to receive her. I shut the door and left them.

His coming settled all difficulties. He married the lady, and he apologized to me very handsomely for his mistake.

[THE END.]

A Dark Deed.

BY E. ADAIR.

HOWEVER innocent one may be, it is certainly an unpleasant thing to be even suspected of having taken part in the perpetration of a foul and dastardly crime.

That happened once to be my unfortunate position, and I give the facts as they really occurred.

My first studio was the front drawing-room of a small house in Notting Hill. It was within a few minutes' walk of my home, and had the additional advantage of being hardly more than a stone's throw from the house of my intimate friend and brother-brush, E.

This proximity both he and I found convenient, as it enabled us to mutually accommodate one another with the loan of various properties; costumes, and other things incidental to painting.

What I lacked he frequently had, and vice versa; and many were the mysterious-looking bundles that were conveyed from house to house.

Amongst those properties of mine which my friend had occasion to borrow from time to time was an ancient, stuffed lay-figure; a perfect veteran in her way, which had probably played leading parts in the works of some long since defunct old master.

Age had not enhanced her charms; and whatever she might have resembled in her palmier days, at the time I speak of she could boast of neither grace nor symmetry.

I had purchased her for a small sum from an artist, who was giving up his studio in town with the idea of traveling for a time, and did not wish to be hampered by taking a lady with him.

At the time she came into my possession one shoulder and both her ankles were dislocated, several fingers were missing, and she also suffered from an internal and chronic hemorrhage of sawdust, under which she was visibly wasting away.

For all that, however, she was still of some use.

In love scenes she played a good passive part, and, if carefully propped up, would be a great aid in painting anything exceptionally elaborate in the way of a skirt.

Dummy—for so I was in the habit of familiarly terming her—had been on a rather protracted visit at E.'s, and as I was in need of her services myself, and knew that E. had finished with her, I arranged with him that, under cover of the night, we should convey her home.

This, on account of other engagements, we were obliged to postpone until a late hour, when I was to go and fetch her in a cab.

Accordingly, at about half-past eleven that night, I engaged a four-wheeler at the end of E.'s road. Having forgotten the number of his house, but remembering that it had formerly been inhabited by a doctor, I told cabby to drive me to a house about half-way down the street which had a red lamp over the door.

When I arrived the windows were all dark, the only light being that of the doctor's lamp.

E. quietly let me in, and he and I shortly after reappeared, bearing in our arms the inanimate form of Dummy, closely wrapped round with some large, ancient shawls.

Remembering her infirmities, we bore her tenderly down the steps and up to the cab, the driver of which was watching the whole proceeding with considerable interest.

"Be careful with her head," I said to E., as we lifted her in; "it's very nearly off."

Hereupon, cabby, with a politeness not usually met with in those of his class, stepped down from his seat and proffered his assistance.

We told him, however, we did not require any, and seated her with a heavy bump, her back to the horse, and her head at the same time nearly going through the front window of the cab.

In answer to his inquiries, I told him she was all right, and instructed him to drive round to my number in the next road.

In a few minutes we reached the house, which was all perfectly dark. I jumped out of the cab, ran up the steps, and opened the door with my latch-key.

There was no light in the passage, the people of the house having all gone to bed. However, as I knew my way up those stairs pretty well, I could easily dispense with that until I got to my own room.

So leaving the street door open, I ran down the steps again to the cab, and helped E. to struggle out with our inanimate burden.

Cabby once more kindly offered his aid, but I told him she was not very heavy, and the two of us could manage perfectly well.

So E. taking her under the arms, and I holding her round the knees, we carried her, creaking in her joints, up the steps, and into the passage.

Thinking my friend was going to pay the cab-fare, and not wishing him to do so, I cried hastily:

"Don't for goodness sake put her down in the dark, or we shall never pick her up again. And if her head drops off we shall wake all the people of the house."

Saying this, I went to the bottom of the steps where cabby was waiting for his fare.

"What's up with her?" he said, as I put the money into his hand."

"Neck broken," I replied.

"Badly?" he asked.

"Yes," said I; "head nearly off."

"What are you going to do with her?" continued cabby.

"Paint her," I answered.

"For a lark?" said he.

What he meant by that I could not stay to inquire, as considerable growling was proceeding from the dark passage where poor E. was still standing, hugging Dummy. Therefore I abruptly answered cabby's last question, by saying:

"No; she's a lay-figure."

"Oh! is she," said cabby, looking perplexed, evidently wondering what sort of creature that might be, but not liking to show his ignorance by further inquiries.

I closed the street door. We carried Dummy up to my painting room, and deposited her on a chair in the corner, when E. and I had a good hearty laugh over the little adventure.

The hour being late and our mission accomplished, my friend and I very shortly started for home.

At the street corner we separated, and as I said good night to E., I heard someone across the road remark in a hoarse voice:

"Those are the fellers."

Turning to see by whom the observation was made, I recognized our late John in close confab with a representative of the law.

However, my conscience being easy, I paid no further heed to the remark, but proceeded on my way homeward.

The following morning at my usual hour I arrived at Euston Road. Quite forgetful of the previous night's adventure, I proceeded upstairs and into my room, and was about to close the door when I saw my landlady pursuing me with an expression of face which plainly showed she had something unpleasant to communicate.

"I am sorry to tell you, Mr. L.," she said, in a somewhat chilling manner, "that three men, two of them policemen, came to make inquiries about you early this morning."

As my complexion did not undergo any sudden change at this announcement, she proceeded in a less austere manner, but still watching me closely.

"They say that you and someone else were seen to bring a body round from a doctor's house in the next road; and one of the men who conveyed you in his cab says you told him the poor creature's throat was cut, and her head nearly off, and that you said you were going to give her a coat of paint. He told me her groans as you carried her up the steps were quite dreadful."

"Where are they?" I asked, ready to explode with laughter.

"I told the three of them," proceeded my landlady, "that I felt sure there must be some mistake. If I had not been so decided I really believe they would have insisted on breaking open your door; but they agreed to return later, when I said I knew you would admit them into your room to look for themselves. They have just arrived."

"Very well," said I; "tell them to come up."

My landlady ran down a few stairs and called over the banisters, and her invitation to step up was promptly followed by a tramping which conveyed a terrible sense of the weight and majesty of the law.

In course of time, the three men reached my landing, and scarcely deigning to notice me walked straight into the room with my landlady at their heels. After a hurried glance round, the foremost policeman exclaimed exultantly:

"There she is," and at the same time pointed to a dark corner where poor Dummy sat just as we had put her down overnight.

I must say she presented a ghastly appearance; one calculated to inspire horror in the mind of anyone outside the profession, and consequently not hardened to such sights.

There in the gloom, wrapped about with a tattered piece of drapery sat Dummy, looking for all the world like the unfortunate victim of some crime.

Her head, which was covered by the shawl, had dropped on to her breast, and one or two straggling wisps of hair peeped out through the folds on her shoulders.

For the first time in my life I really admired my old lay-figure. Her long training in tragedy seemed to have at last borne fruit, and for once she appeared to have really thrown herself into the spirit of the situation.

"What is she doing here?" said the sergeant, turning to me.

"Nothing," said I. "It is only my lay-figure, as I told the cabman last evening."

But the constables, seeming to have no clearer notion than the cabby of what a lay-figure might be, I walked up to it and pulled the drapery aside, when down fell the papier-mache head on to the floor.

There was a chorus of ejaculations from the men and a slight scream from my landlady, and I proceeded to explain that the wretched object in the corner was a model I occasionally used to paint from, and that the previous night I had brought her back from the house of an artist friend who had borrowed her for a time.

The mystery being thus cleared up, all present, with the exception of the cabby, thoroughly appreciated the joke. The drollery of the occurrence, however, did not seem quite so apparent to him.

His sense of humor was possibly somewhat blunted by the consciousness that he had made himself look rather foolish.

But when I suggested that they should all three adjourn to the Castle, just round the corner, and drink something to my health and the speedy recovery of the unfortunate victim, even cabby sided with the rest in considering that, on the whole, it was a satisfactory and pleasant termination to what had appeared to him the night before a very awful and suspicious tragedy.

WITH THE FINGERS.—The list of things that can be eaten from the fingers is on the increase, says a fashionable Washington woman.

It includes all bread, toast, tarts and small cakes, celery and asparagus, when served whole, as it should be, either hot or cold; lettuce, which must be crumpled in the fingers and dipped in salt or sauce; olives, to which a fork should never be put any more than a knife should be used on raw oysters, and strawberries, when served with the stems on, as they should be, are touched to pulverized sugar.

In the use of the fingers greater indulgence is being shown, and you can not, if you are well-bred, make any very bad mistake in this direction, especially when the finger bowl stands by you and the napkin is handy.

Scientific and Useful.

DELICATE GLUE.—A delicate glue for mounting ferns and sea-weeds is made of five parts of gum arabic, three parts of white sugar, two parts starch, and a very little water. Boil until thick and white.

SHIPWRECKED.—At a recent meeting of the Academy of Sciences the prince of Monaco read a paper demonstrating the possibility of shipwrecked people, who have taken to the boats and are without provisions, being able to sustain life with what they could catch in a drag net trailing overboard over night.

ELECTRIC OMNIBUS.—An electric vehicle called the Ward omnibus has been making some very successful trips recently in the English metropolis. This electric omnibus is said to be the only one in the world actually at present able to run on the ordinary streets without rails, and taking its place among other vehicles drawn by horses. The electric omnibus said to be running in in Paris is not an omnibus, but a tramcar, and only runs on a properly laid track.

WALKING STICKS.—Walking sticks are now being made that are useful as well as ornamental. From one a silk umbrella can be drawn and screwed to the cane; another has a receptable for nickels and cents, and is convenient for those who ride on street and other city cars and cross ferries; another contains the measure for the height of horses, and has a spirit-level attachment; and still another has a good little watch set in the crystal handle.

TURPENTINE.—A London physician is of opinion that a turpentine bath is good for rheumatism, gout, insomnia, laryngitis and bronchitis, and recommends the following method of preparing it: Make a saturated solution of six ounces of yellow soap and add to it three or four ounces of oil of turpentine. Shake well and put it into the bath, which should be filled with warm water. After 15 minutes' immersion the patient should be put to bed.

STEEL ROADS.—As a substitute for granite blocks, steel paving is attracting considerable attention, its durability being said to be quite a point in its favor, and its cost being somewhat less. It consists of steel strips about 2¼ inches wide and 1 inch thick, rolled with a channel on the side exposed to traffic, and with notches about 6 inches apart. These strips weigh eleven pounds to the yard, are laid across the street a distance of about five inches between centres, and their length is only sufficient to extend to the middle of the street so that the proper slope from the centre to the gutters can be secured. They are bolted together, so as to insure them against lateral slipping, and are fastened to wooden sills. A firmly constructed bed of gravel composes the support for this pavement, while between the steel strips a mixture of pitch and cement is poured, filling the interstices to a level with the tops of the strips and rendering the surface comparatively smooth.

Farm and Garden.

KICKING.—A correspondent says that the kicking of horses in the stable indicates a nervous, restless disposition, and recommends the use of a large, roomy stall, which will often change the current of the animal's thought and cause him to drop the obnoxious practice.

LIGHTNING RODS.—There is much talk of late years about the inefficiency of lightning rods. Many hold that they are worse than useless. The opinion of the most scientific body of electricians in the world is that there is no authentic case on record where a properly constructed conductor failed to do its duty.

WASTE.—Good hay racks for holding feed for cattle and horses and sheep will save one a great deal of money and hay over the wasteful plan of feeding the hay on the ground or in troughs, where it can be pulled out and trampled under foot. In feeding any kind of food to any kind of stock we should avoid a wasteful system.

HOT-BEDS.—Glass is expensive for hot-beds, and those who prefer something cheaper may use cotton cloth, giving it two coats of boiled linseed oil. It requires but little attention, is easily handled, permits the heat and light to enter, and does not allow the heat to be radiated away at night as does glass. It also has the advantage of reducing the cost of frames, as the expensive window sash need not be used.

ITS VALUE.—The value of the manure is too often overlooked in poultry-raising. It is claimed that a fowl will make one bushel of manure in a year, the value of which depends on the kind of food used. The monetary value is never less than 25 cents, and varies according to location. Where trucking is carried on the hen manure readily sells at $2.00 per barrel. It is also used in the arts by mococco leather manufacturers.

PAINT.—If paint be put on as a preservative rather for mere ornamentation the roof should not be left unpainted. It may not be seen, but the action of the rain falling upon a roof is much more injurious to shingles unpainted than it can be on the sides and clap-boards of a building. The falling drops cause the fibres of the wood to break, making a fuzzy surface, which holds water and induces decay. Paint entirely prevents this so long as it lasts. It is cheaper to keep the roof covered with paint than to have expense of renewing shingles every few years.

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 23, 1889

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Publication office, 726 Sansom St.

In Life's Garden.

There is a saying, full of that keen observation for which the French are famous, to the effect that each of us has a resemblance more or less exact to some animal; and the lines of likeness to horses, dogs, monkeys, birds, fishes, snakes, tigers and mice, as well as to those of sheep, goats, pigs, cows, cats and lizards can be traced in men and women who yet are purely human, and without any moral likeness to their antitypes. Some of these resemblances make pretty faces enough.

But human beings are like flowers as well as sentient creatures, and the analogy is quite as close.

Take the lily, that white and fragrant lily which the old masters consecrated to their divine personages and saints, and which is called either the Mary lily or Joseph's lily, or sometimes only the lily.

"Lily ladies" are by no means rare in the world, and they are among the most beautiful of all.

You cannot see her without being reminded of the lily; and everything is merged in her likeness to a flower, and the sweetest flower of all.

No one can praise the mignonette for its gorgeousness of coloring or its stateliness of growth. Had it no fragrance, it would be no more remarkable than a rather fine spiked patch of chickweed; though, as with all things in nature, close inspection would reveal a world of hidden beauty. But, given its distinctive fragrance, a bed of mignonette is one of the choicest productions of the garden.

How true this analogy is to certain unseen and undemonstrative workers—those who still, in this blatant, blaring, publicity loving age, "do good by stealth and blush to find it fame."

To look at them, no one would suspect them of either the means they possess or the good they do. Everything about them is solid, but nothing is showy; all is sober, nothing is flaring.

In their talk they lean ever to the side of mercy, forgiveness, forbearance. They do not condemn the sinner too harshly; and when his day of retribution comes, and the evil he has done finds him out and scourges him, they do not swell the chorus of condemnation nor echo the hard verdict "He deserved it, and is well punished." And they never spread ill tidings of evil report.

Their presence sheds a moral fragrance wherever they go, as their concealed bounties do the same thing on the other side.

Plain, old, perhaps unlearned, always without pretension, they are the dimly colored mignonette of our gardens—the fact of which would be lost altogether were it not for the perfume they shed like a river of aerial gold where they grow.

Do you see that bed of gazanias? They look bold and strong enough, are full of color, have an abundance of golden petals, are fine and flourishing fellows altogether—to the eye. And yet, almost aggressive as they look, they are among the Sensitives of the Garden.

In the full sunshine they spread their disk wide open in a joyous, jolly, war.nth-enjoying way, which looks as if their strength includes enough vitality for storms and tempests. Not a bit of it. When the clouds come the gazania shuts up. Its human analogue collapses in times of trial and distress.

Outside circumstances must be favorable if he is to expand and put on the semblance of vitality. When the sun has gone behind the clouds he is nothing but a miserable, dingy, crumpled little ball, which the very crows disdain to peck at.

He is a gazania, and however ornamental on the bright days, he is utterly useless in the dull, and not to be counted on for any of the working purposes of life.

His brother is the pumpkin—that sprawling, ramping, big leaved production, the fruit whereof is so fine and so soft—so superb in its rind and so pithless in its core.

We might thus go through the whole list of our garden friends, and find in them analogies to our human acquaintances.

That yucca is the crusty old bachelor, whose heart no one can see for the close-pressed spiny leaves.

The pitcher plant, flinging its tendrils over the leafy hedge, is the parasite and flatterer, who climbs by help of others more stoutly established than himself.

That row of sweet peas is the girls' school, where all are so alike and yet so different.

The lilies of the valley are girls also; and the daisies are the cottage children, while the golden buttercups are the flowers of the rich men's nurseries.

Those queerly shaped orchids are the eccentrics of society—people with fads about health and habits, morals and manners—whose views are all in the air, rootless and unfastened; and the primulas are the exact contraries—the rather commonplace conformists, who never commit follies nor crimes nor heroic deeds, nor go out of the ordinary run of life in any way whatsoever.

And the philosphers and the scientists? Perhaps we find them in the meadow sun dews—doing their life's work for the most part humbly in undistinguished places, but with what grand results!

It is believed that physiognomy is only a simple development of the features already marked out by nature. It is our opinion, however, that in addition to this development, the features come insensibly to be formed and assume their shape from the frequent and habitual expression of certain affections of the soul. These affections are marked on the countenance; nothing is more certain than this; and when they turn into habits, they must leave on it durable impressions.

When I gaze into the stars, they look down upon me with pity from their serene and silent spaces, like eyes glistening with tears over the little lot of man. Thousands of generations, all as noisy as our own; have been swallowed up by time, and there remains no record of them any more. Yet Arcturus and Orion, Sirius and Pleiades, are still shining in their courses, clear and young, as when the shepherd first noted them in the plain of Shinar!

For not only is Fortune herself blind, but she generally causes those men to be blind whose interests she has more particularly embraced. Therefore they are often haughty and arrogant; nor is there anything more intolerable than a prosperous fool. And hence we often see that men who were at one time affable and agreeable are completely changed by prosperity, despising their old friends and clinging to new.

It is not merely the multiplicity of tints, the gladness of tone, or the balminess of the air which delight in the spring; it is the still consecrated spirit of hope, the prophecy of happy days yet to come; the endless variety of nature, with presentiments of eternal flowers which never shall fade, and sympathy with the blessedness of the ever-developing world.

The true art of being agreeable is to appear well pleased with all the company, and rather to seem well entertained with them than to bring entertainment to them. A man thus disposed may have not much learning, nor any wit; but if he has common sense, and something friendly in his behavior, it conciliates men's minds more than the brightest parts without this disposition.

Idleness is the grand Pacific Ocean of life, and in that stagnant abyss the most salutary things produce no good, the most noxious no evil. Vice, indeed, abstractedly considered, may be, and often is engendered in idleness; but the moment it becomes efficiently vice, it must quit its cradle and cease to be idle.

Do not think that men are happy in proportion as they are rich, and therefore do not aim too high. Be content with moderate wealth. Make friends. A time will come when all the money in the world will not be worth to you so much as one good stanch friend.

Friends are discovered rather than made; there are people who are in their own nature friends, only they don't know each other; but certain things, like poetry, music and paintings, are the Freemason's sign—they reveal the initiated to each other.

Idleness is a disease that must be combated; but we would not advise a rigid adherence to a particular plan of study. A man ought to read just as inclination leads him; for what he reads as a task will do him little good.

The great secret both of health and successful industry is the absolute yielding up of one's consciousness to the business and diversion of the hour—never permitting the one to infringe in the least degree upon the other.

If we have need of a strong will in order to do good, it is more necessary still for us in order not to do evil; from which it often results that the most modest life is that where the force of will is most exercised.

The highest order of mind is accused of folly, as well as the lowest. Nothing is thoroughly approved but mediocrity. The majority has established this, and it fixes its fangs on whatever gets beyond it either way.

There is one peculiar imperfection connected with our want of correct information, which we should particularly guard against—I mean that of being positive in proportion to our ignorance!

Every human being has a work to carry on within, duties to perform abroad, influences to exert, which are peculiarly his, and which no conscience but his own can teach.

We seldom repent of speaking little, very often of speaking too much; a vulgar and trite maxim, which all the world knows, but which all the world does not practice.

Hope is like the cork to the net, which keeps the soul from sinking in despair; and fear is like the lead to the net, which keeps it from floating in presumption.

Some persons follow the dictates of their conscience only in the same sense in which a coachman may be said to follow the horses he is driving.

Man is, properly speaking, based upon hope; he has no other possession but hope; this world of his is emphatically the place of hope.

No state can be more destitute than that of a person who, when the delights of sense forsake him, has no pleasures of the mind.

His calumny is not only the greatest benefit a rogue can confer on us, but the only service he will perform for nothing.

If we shut our eyes on the beauty of things around us, who is to blame if we find life dreary and monotonous?

Help others whenever you can; you would yourself be grateful for a helping hand in a moment of need.

The World's Happenings.

"Pie sociables" are the rage in parts of Iowa.

Vermont factories turn out 600,000 snow shovels annually.

New Haven thinks of pensioning her retired policemen.

A Maine fox hound pursued a fox for two days continuously.

Veterans of the late war are dying at the rate of 6,000 a year.

It is proposed to attempt the dissipation of fog by electrical discharges.

A Chicago dressmaker calls herself a "gowning and frocking artist."

Berry, England's famous hangman, has his calling engraved on his visiting card.

The leaves of the fig tree have the property of maturing game and meat hung among them.

The weight of the heart is from eight to twelve ounces. It beats 100,000 times every 24 hours.

The Bible contains 3,566,480 letters, 773,476 words, 31,173 verses, 1,189 chapters and 63 books.

A horse at Canajoharie, N. Y., was frightened to death recently by the noise of a locomotive.

There are now only three lightning rod factories in the country, against ninety-three a few years ago.

Knives and all sorts of instruments can be sharpened just as well on willow and hollywood as on a hone.

More men in this country have become rich out of making glue and soap than by any other one process.

A Milan newspaper is publishing the Bible in 210 halfpenny parts of eight pages each and 900 wood cuts.

There is one school district in Douglas county, Kansas, in which the people refuse to have grammar taught.

A certainly unique roof covers a greenhouse in Danbury, Conn., being made of old photographic negatives.

A death from uncontrollable bleeding following the extraction of a tooth occurred recently at Wurtemburg, Pa.

A mother and son, aged 99 and 79 years respectively, are inmates of a charitable institution at Brighton, England.

Richard Gatling, inventor of the Gatling gun, has devised a police gun for use in riots, which will fire 1200 shots a minute.

Seven thousand and six hundred dogs were licensed in a single county of Massachusetts in 1888, bringing in over $15,000 in receipts.

One of the meanest thieves on record has been arrested in Los Angeles, Cal. He stole a washboard from a poor old washerwoman.

The biggest steam derrick in the world is at the Hamburg docks. It can pick up a ten-wheeled locomotive and place it on a steamship.

"Wanted, a high class school where the rod is used" is the wording of an advertisement which appeared in a recent issue of a London paper.

A California clergyman lately went crazy while preaching, and descending from the pulpit threw books and chairs among the congregation.

The Custer monument in Montana has been so greatly defaced by Indians shooting at it that it has been found necessary to recut the names on it.

The Bank of England is the most extensive banking institution in the world. It employs over 1,000 clerks, and its buildings cover more than 8 acres.

A New York manufacturer says that old boots and shoes steamed to a pulp are now converted into the soft and beautiful ornamental leather, so popular for artistic bookbinding.

The French Minister of Education has offered a gold medal for the best French scholar to be found in English schools. His offer is intended to encourage the study of French.

A 'bus company in London intends giving over a number of coaches to smokers, and to fit out each vehicle with a rack of newspapers. At present smoking is allowed only on the outside seats.

A lazy genius in Maryland has invented an automatic fishing pole, which, by the aid of stout spiral springs, yanks out the unwary denizens of the streams while the fisherman smokes and reads in peace.

A young man at Rockford, who some time ago wrote his name in a girl's album, is now sued by her for $500, the amount of a note she claims to hold against him. It is believed the note was written on the page of the album where he wrote.

A small colored boy was charged by a policeman in a Washington, D. C., court with the very heinous crime of having exclaimed "rats" when ordered to "move on." The youngster was given some advice by the judge and then discharged.

A party of San Bernardino, Cal., hunters who went for a day's sport had very bad luck until they hired a small boy to play the harmonica for them. As soon as the music began the canyon swarmed with rabbits, and the hunters loaded themselves down with game.

A man who got lost in the bush in South Australia resorted to an ingenious expedient for escaping from his dilemma. After wandering about for four days he decided to cut a telegraph line and camp on the spot. His plan worked. The telegraph repairers were sent out along the line to discover the cause of the interruption, and came upon the wanderer in time to save his life.

I CANNOT LEAVE THEE.

BY WM. W. LONG.

Sweet love, I cannot leave thee,
Life is not life without thee,
Then let me, love, stay near thee,
Oh, send me not away!

Oh, tender eyes that won me,
Oh, sweet face, do not shun me,
Oh, red lips that have kissed me,
Send, send me not away!

I cannot, will not leave thee,
Fate shall not hold and keep thee,
For Love hath wooed and won thee,
And Love doth bid me stay.

His Two Loves.

BY A. Y. E.

"GOING already, Jim?" There was unmistakable disappointment in the tone. There was even reproach.

"Yes. I have promised to go and read a little to Jeff to-night. Good night, Molly."

Molly put up her face to be kissed. It was a pretty face enough, though not in its first youth, and it was apt to look faded beside the dainty fairness of very young girls.

At seventeen she was as fair a thing to look upon, as any man's eyes could have desired. So Jim Balfour had thought, and so thinking, he had wooed and won her. To-day she was still his. But she was thirty.

They were not married yet. He always declared that for a man to tie a woman down to a life of drudgery was to act the part of a selfish coward.

There was no fault to be found with the idea. It was even noble, as most of Jim's ideas were.

But there were people who said that this theory had another side; and that if he had been willing to spend considerably less on himself, he might have, long ago, asked Molly to accept the other part of his income.

This waiting till he should grow rich enough to offer her a comfortably home, had not told on him.

But it had on her. In the first place she was penniless, and her daily bread was given her grudgingly by an old uncle, who exacted the fullest payment, in the shape of endless toil and patience.

So there had come lines of weariness about the mouth. A shadow, bearing some kin to disappointment, had dimmed the brightness of her eyes.

Yet the tender love, strong as death, which she had given him long ago, was there still. And when it shone into light in her eyes, and into smiles on her lips, her face was once more fair enough to delight the soul of a man.

But Jim did not see her with his soul's sight. Few men ever do use their spiritual vision, when contemplating a woman who is neither their mother, nor their sister, nor their grandmother. He only beheld her with his earthly eyes.

"How dreadfully old Molly is beginning to look!" he thought impatiently, as he left the house. "Her complexion is growing quite muddy, and her eyes are wrinkled."

It was the first time he had ever acknowledged the fact with such brutal plainness.

The thought had flashed through his brain, but to be supressed with a quick sting of shamed self-reproach. To-night, the shame did not follow. The impatience and the aggrieved sense of bondage remained.

Perhaps it was, because it was the first time he had ever told her a deliberate lie.

Jeff was a sick friend, and Jim had not the smallest intention of going to read to him.

He had simply said so because he knew, it was the most certain way of stopping any entreaties for him to stay longer with her.

In her sweet-hearted charity, she would efface herself at once, for the sake of the sick friend.

The sense of the baseness of the lie angered and hardened him, and made him frankly brutal.

He was angry with her for having forced him to tell it.

To-night was the first time that he had ever heard that ring of bitter disappointment and reproach in her voice, and it had goaded him, he said to himself, into that lie.

Yet, he might have considered her bitterness justifiable. He had not been near her, till this evening, for a whole fortnight, and then he had stayed only for a short half-hour.

"She is selfish, just like all women," he thought, as he strode along smoking the cigar, which was not one of the smallest of his expenses. "She never thinks how I am slaving to get a home for her, and that I need a little——" he stopped, even though it was dark, and he was alone, his face coloured crimson.

A superficial judgment at this moment would have decided that Jim Balfour was an entirely unamiable young man.

But beneath this present unamiability, there was so much mental disturbance; so much moral discomfiture, so great a struggle of feelings which were at war with all his hitherto conceived notions of honor and truth; so passionate a protest against influences utterly opposed to common sense, to all the sceptical, practical, nineteenth century life; that a judgment with a deeper power of insight would probably have tempered its decision with some pity.

He walked slowly, each step a protest against an outer influence from which his better nature revolted.

But gradually his steps quickened in proportion as that influence gained the mastery of his will, already weakened by yielding.

By the time he reached Notting Hill Gate Station, he was walking with the eager, impetuous fest of a man, hurrying to keep an appointment in which heart and soul were engaged.

It was a dark, wet night in December; the rain falling in the cheerless drizzle that makes the pavement and roads black and slippery with mud.

There was a bitter wind, and the streets were almost deserted of pedestrians.

It blew up the long, straight Uxbridge Road, driving the icy rain into the faces of those who were compelled to be out in it, and sending them along, shivering and chilled to the bone.

Jim felt nothing of it. He was consumed by a raging fever that burnt out his heart; and drove the blood, hot and tumultuous, through his veins.

He reached, at last, a block of houses raised a little from the level of the pavement.

They stood some distance back from the road, shut off from it by a wall, which skirted the long strip of sloping garden in front of each house. The gardens were separated by other walls, while a few trees, and shrubs, and some thick, overhanging ivy, gave still more seclusion to each.

The three end houses of the block were empty; the middle one had been so for years.

Jim swiftly opened the gate of the latter, and hurried in; carefully and stealthily closing the door after him.

The darkness in here was scarcely broken by the flicker of the street-lamps in the road outside. He went hastily through the weed-grown garden, skirting a clump of shrubs that grew at the upper end, and came out on the gravel path in front of the house.

The dining-room window was unshuttered. The drizzling rain trickled down its panes. The leafless trailers of a Virginian creeper rattled drearily against them, as a gust of the icy wind caught them.

He drew as close to the window as he could, and then, leaning forward, looked into the dark panes, straining his eyes to see into the empty, night-filled room beyond.

What was he looking for? He did not know. Ghost, witch, angel! He did not care.

He had lost now all fear, doubt, sceptical nereduelity. He only knew that, as he stood looking, his passionate gaze would conjure out of the cavernous gloom of the empty room, the most exquisite face man's imagination could conceive.

It would look out into his, illuminated by some pale, mysterious radiance, which detached it from the shadows around. If he attempted to draw near, the face vanished, and there was only the dark window-pane. The door of the house was always barred. He could only stand and look.

But the desire to draw nearer—to be able to speak—to touch with his lips the beautiful mouth, with its half-mocking, half-mysterious smile, was growing into a delirium.

Ah! at last! slowly taking shape, dainty, flower-like—quite close to the window, Exactly as he had always seen her. No! There was a change.

The faint mockery had vanished; the smile was soft, appealing. Heavens! She was raising her hand—she was beckoning—to him. For one moment he stood powerless to stir.

The blood rushed to his face; his eyes were dazed with lights that seemed to flash before them. Then he sprang towards the door.

* * * * * *

It opened as he reached it; and, as he stumbled into the pitch-dark hall, it closed swiftly behind him. The silence and loneliness of the empty house shut him in.

In a moment he realised his position; though, whether it were fear of the supernatural which had cast so weird a glamor over that strange, lonely face, in spite of his nineteenth-century scepticism, or only a prosaic sense of physical danger that overwhelmed him for a second, he did not know.

He made a sudden step back to the closed door, brushing past a shadowy figure, that stood motionless, outlined against the blackness of the wall. As he struck against it, a low laugh, musical, amused, intensely human, broke on the silence, waking faint echoes through the empty house. Then the shadow by his side, stretched out a little hand and caught his. It was a soft, warm, living hand. As its touch thrilled him, the nameless horror fell from him, and he remembered only the glorious face.

"Then you aren't a ghost!" he exclaimed, with a hoarse half laugh.

"No, nor a vampire," laughing merrily.

The hot color flew to his face. At that very instant there had flashed through his mind, a weird German story, which he had once read, of a vampire who had taken the shape of a mysterious and lovely young woman.

"Why did you make yourself so miserable about coming to see me?" exclaimed the sweet mocking voice again. "It was only natural. A long engegement is so foolish, for women soon grow old."

He stared at her through the gloom, aghast. Who was she to know all this? His manhood revolted against her speech, though it had been but the expression of his own secret thoughts; but before he could collect himself to reply, the little hand was laid with a suddenly appealing tenderness on his arm.

"It is so cold and dark down here. Come upstairs—you are quite safe," as he, perhaps involuntarily, drew back. "I am here all alone, and I don't want your watch or your purse," with the same frank, musical laugh.

Jim was no physical coward, and he felt thoroughly ashamed of the thought of his valuables, which had really flashed through his brain.

He followed her without another second's hesitation; he was overwhelmed with desire and curiosity to find out who she was, and, as he stumbled up the dark staircase after her, the sense of her beauty grew, till he forgot all else.

Suddenly she opened a door on a landing above, and a flood of light fell down the dark staircase.

She stood for a moment in the doorway, looking down at him as he mounted. Against the back ground of the light he saw a figure—tall, slender; and the exquisite beauty of the face.

He was at her side in a moment. She drew him into the room and hastily pulled to the door behind them.

"We must shut them out!" she exclaimed, in a tone of fear and disgust.

He did not hear. For a moment, his eyes, after the rest of the house, were dazzled by the light in the room.

There was little furniture—two chairs, one or two small tables, a piece of shabby, moth-eaten carpet—but wherever a light could stand there was a lamp or a candle on the tables; there was a row of candles on the mantelshelf; they stood in clusters in the corners of the room, and from the centre of the ceiling swung a large and powerful lamp of beautiful Oriental work, whose colored crystals, like jewels, seemed to catch and reflect all the other lights in the room.

"I hate the dark!" she exclaimed, petulantly, as he stared about him, bewildered between the contrast of the lights, and the shabby, dirty room, with its smoke-stained ceiling, and torn, soiled paper. "The rats come in the dark; the house is full of them!"

"But do you live here—alone?"

Then he forgot the strangeness as he looked at her. Her beauty as she stood before him—a living, breathing woman—seemed ten times greater than when he had only looked on her from the darkness, not knowing if she were woman or shadow, or only a fancy conjured up by his own brain.

But the most wonderful thing in her loveliness was her eyes. They were large, dark, Eastern eyes, almost sombre in their depth, and yet full of the most marvellous light, which seemed to shine out from them into the very heart and soul of the person they looked on.

They changed, too, with every word she spoke, and were now mocking, now tender, now darkly mournful.

They were fringed with long, black lashes, which made them darker and more mysterious than ever, and formed the strangest contrast to the exquisite fairness of the skin and golden hair. There was something almost unnatural in the contrast and yet her beauty was so great that if there were discord, it was forgotton as soon as felt. As those marvellous eyes rested on his, Molly, faith, honor vanished like a dream. A curious smile flickered across her lips.

"Why don't you marry Molly Carleton?"

Then, as he stared at her, startled beyond speech.

"Because you are poor—so you tell her. But she is rich—very rich; or will be one day. She knows that her uncle, whom everybody thinks so poor, has a great fortune."

An incredulous exclamation broke from the young man.

"It is true—every word. I can prove it. He used to live once in my country. My people know him. He heaped up riches there. How—well, it is not good to think of."

The light in her eyes flashed into such fierce fire, that Jim recoiled from her, for an instant, as from something unwomanly.

"Even he doesn't dare to think of it! He is afraid! That is why he lives that lonely life. There are ghosts, and he fears that one may arise from the past and avenge his cruelty and extortion. But he is rich! And he has left it all to Molly—on condition she marries you. You are his next and only kinsman. She knows it. She has known it all along. But she promised him to keep silence. And she has kept her promises."

He scarcely believed it. And yet—if it were true! He felt as if his life had been wasted. It would have been so different if he had only known.

His anger rose hot against Molly for having kept the secret so well. All the time he had talked so nobly about working to win a home for her, she had known that she was a rich woman. He felt as if he had been tricked.

Did those wonderful eyes looking at him read his thoughts? The same curious little smile parted her lips.

"There is another condition to the will. If Molly Carleton should ever place herself in a position to justify you in refusing to marry her, the money comes to you. If, you, on the contrary, act so as to make her refuse to marry you—all the money goes to charities. Old Jeremiah Carleton has had reason to doubt the care that women take of money. But you and she will marry and the long years of waiting, in which she has grown old and faded, will be rewarded."

Was it the words, or the tone, that made Molly's face, pale and weird, rise up beside the radiant youth and loveliness of the one before him?

"If only you were free," she exclaimed, in a low voice. "If the money were yours!"

"Don't!" hoarsely. "Are you a witch, or an evil spirit, to read my thoughts—to tempt me so?"

"Neither!" Her whole manner changed, her eyes softened into passionate tenderness. "Only a woman who loves you!"

His heart, his soul, and his manhood melted in the tender fire and light of those glorious eyes. With an inarticulate cry, he stretched out his arms. They fell again to his side as a fearful terror suddenly convulsed her face. She sprang to him, seizing his arm; clinging to him in a very paroxysm of frantic horror and loathing.

"Oh! Look! Look! In the corner! It is there, mocking at us with its red eyes—Oh! kill it! There will be hundreds of them in a moment. They rush across the floor, and gnaw and gnaw with their fierce cruel teeth! Oh, will they get at me?"

"No, no! It is nothing," holding her close, his own momentary pang of strange fear gone, conscious now only of her white face, her trembling figure: and of the overmastering delight of holding her in his arms.

He soothed her, and talked to her as if she were a child.

She grew quieter at last, and laughed—though still a little tremulously—over her own fears. But she would not let him stay any longer. She would not listen to his entreaties.

"But tell me," he pleaded, unsteadily, "by what name am I to think of you?"

"Call me—Anne." she said. Her face was uplifted to his. Did her eyes speak consent? He did not know. He bent his head and his lips touched hers.

She pushed him gently from her.

"Go," she said. But she knew that that kiss had made him her slave forever.

* * * * * *

The gray January afternoon was closing

into the evening. The little house, in a poor neighborhood, in which Molly and her uncle lived, was full of the shadows of the winter dusk.

The only light in the house was the glow from the kitchen fire, and even this had sunk into red embers, for the old man, crouching over it for warmth, would not stir it into a blaze, because it hastened the consumption of coal.

The house was lonely and silent. Molly—very unusual for her, for she always sat with her uncle at that time, he having a curious reluctance to the twilight hours—was out.

She had been strange and restless during the last fortnight. If he had not been too blinded with his gold-lust, too heartless from its worship, he would have seen that she was suffering intensely.

But he saw nothing. And she came and went; and did her hard tasks; and spent the long hours of the dreary, toiling day, with her heart breaking silently within her.

Her uncle scarcely thought of her. He despised women, and did not even notice that she was out to-night.

His thoughts, in spite of his efforts to force them to other things, had gone back to the past, out of which he was always dreading to see appear the Nemesis of old cruelties and oppression.

One of those who had suffered so bitterly at his hands, had sworn to avenge himself. But the oath had not been kept.

His old enemy did not know where he was. He had lived so close, and so obscurely. Probably this enemy was dead—dead of starvation and want.

The door behind him opened stealthily.

The room was so dark at that end, that the fresh shadow that stole in, was not perceptible.

But the old man, crouching over the fire, shivered as a breath of cold air from the passage swept through the room, though he was too absorbed in his thoughts to notice whence it came.

But the new shadow stole nearer and nearer—its shape was that of an old, feeble man, with hungry, glittering eyes, clothed in miserable rage—with bare feet. Nearer and nearer, till it stood behind the chair.

There was a flash of a sharp blade in the fire-lit air, an inarticulate cry of fierce triumph mingled with a groan, then a heavy fall. Jeremiah Carleton lay dead on his hearth. And the avenging shadow glided swiftly back through the room, out into the dark street, and was seen and heard no more.

It was Molly who found her uncle. She had come back from that secret errand, feeling that life would give her no more to bear, and had found this!

The shock, following on what she had already endured that afternoon, was too much. She was completely prostrated, and could scarcely give her evidence at the inquest.

The murder caused considerable excitement. There was so much mystery about it. The motive had not been robbery. Not a single thing had been disturbed in the house. The old man had had a considerable sum in gold on his person at the time, and even this was untouched.

He was not known to have any enemies. His few acquaintances could all explain satisfactorily their relations with him. Even the fact of his great wealth, which was made public at the inquest, explained nothing, as his lawyer said that he knew for certain that none of those who would profit by it, had the smallest notion of the wealth.

Miss Carleton's position, indeed, as she would only know it, would be worse at his death, for with him she lost a home.

Molly, who was almost too ill to give her evidence, excited universal compassion and interest. To find out, in so painful a fashion, that she was a great heiress, made her case doubly interesting.

She could never explain the reason, even to herself, why she still kept secret her promise to the dead man. It was not fear, for never once did the thought of danger to herself pass her mind. She scarcely thought at all of anything. Her brain seemed numbed, and she felt only vaguely the horror of her uncle's death.

Her heart seemed to have received its death-blow, on the afternoon of the murder, when, in obedience to an unsigned letter she had received that morning, she had gone to the park, and there, seated side by side, she had seen Jim and her rival.

She had crept close up to the tree by which they sat, without their seeing her, and had overheard a sentence from Jim.

It was quite enough. She stole away again into the dusk which was gathering among the trees, and wandered about aimlessly, hopelessly, till, perished with cold, and sick with fatigue, she had instinctively made her way back to the house where that dreadful sight awaited her.

She had known for weeks that Jim no longer loved her. Though not a word had passed between them, her woman's heart had told her, that this had gone from her; though, until that dreadful afternoon, she had never known who her rival was.

The desire to know—to be sure—had made her yield to the base, anonymous letter. Her heart's pain conquered pride, and she went.

Now, with the remembrance of her rival's exquisite youth and beauty, she knew that never more would Jim come back to her. As yet, neither had spoken. He had scarcely come near her since the murder, and then only in the presence of others.

She was only waiting for an opportunity to speak. He apparently was not in a hurry to give it to her.

But for Jeff Lee, his only school-friend, who had recovered from his illness, and had devoted himself to her service, she would have been alone on the evening of the day of the inquest.

Jim was with Anne in the house in the Uxbridge Road. He had been there, or had met her every day, since that first evening.

He had scarcely seen Molly; and the only times that he had called at the old man's house had been in obedience to an imperious command of Anne's. She had her own good reasons for his not breaking yet with Molly.

Jim, utterly infatuated now, reckless with a passion that not even the dreadful events of the last day or two could check, was urging Anne, as he had been doing ever since he had discovered that she was really a woman, to marry him.

Not a thought of Molly remained. Even to-night, as she sat, for all he knew, alone, with her great trouble, he could not think of her. The very sight of this beautiful new love of his, banished all recollection of the great, faithful devotion that had been his. The sound of her voice hushed his conscience within him.

"If I marry you now, you will be ruined."

Was there a flash of satire in her eyes?

"If you really loved me, you would not always be thinking of that," he cried, passionately.

"Did you always think of that when you loved Molly Carleton?" It seemed as if she could not help mocking at him. "See, I will be honest. I will say I don't want to be poor. I hate poverty, for your sake and mine; we could not be happy, poor. And I will not be the cause of your suffering."

The very arguments he had used so often to Molly! But they did not seem so conclusive now.

"But I would marry you at once, if—— Oh!" with a passionate gesture, "if only I were sure you had the courage. The opportunity is at hand, if only you were brave enough to seize it."

He looked her straight in the face.

"To win you, I would do anything," he said slowly.

But, as he met her brilliant, piercing gaze, he caught his breath, and his eyes fell. She sprung up, facing him with imperious anger.

"You can still think of that woman! You dare compare her love to mine!"

"For Heaven's sake!" he cried, hoarsely, "tell me who and what you are, that you can read my soul before I even know it myself!"

It seemed at times as if his soul lay bare before her: as if the power and beauty of her wonderful eyes burned into him like living fire, casting an intolerable radiance on every blot of darkness.

There were moments when, even now, he shrank from her as from something mysterious, incomprehensible, when his reckless love and passion rolled back on himself, leaving him filled with a strange dread.

In an instant her whole manner changed. She drew close to him, laying her hand on his arm.

"Would you feel what that power is?" she said, in a strange, low tone, which chilled and thrilled him with its terrible earnestness. "I won it, at what indescribable cost you could not guess! I could not live through such an ordeal of suffering, and self-sacrifice, and horrible toil and desolation again!" shuddering from head to foot, but still keeping her hand on his arm, her eyes on his blanching face. "I have the power to give it to one I love, for a moment. See, I love you; I give it to you. Use it that our love may conquer!" She bent forward, and, for the first time, laid her lips of her own will on his. "Go and see Molly to-night," she said.

* * * * * *

It seemed as if with that kiss, some outer will, mysterious, inexorable, merciless, took possession of him.

He went out of her presence and left the house, always moving in obedience to the power that held him passive! He walked on and on till he reached the house where Molly was in lodgings. It was late to call, the clock had struck ten; but he was not conscious of any of the smaller influences of social life: He must see Molly, though why, he did not know.

He moved as one in a dream; he reached the house at last. The servant, who opened the door, looked a little startled, even frightened, as she saw his face.

It was very pale, and his eyes were burning with an intense, suppressed excitement, of which he himself was not conscious.

She led him to Molly's sitting-room.

Molly had already a visitor. Jeff Lee was still there, looking through some papers of her late uncle for her. It was Jim's duty, but he had not come near her.

What his friend's thoughts on the matter were, that young man kept to himself; but as he looked up at the entrance of Jim into the room, some exclamation choked in his throat which was more expressive than polite.

But the next instant he sprang up from the table, and, as Jim advanced, went quickly to Molly's side. He, too, was startled at Jim's face, and thought he had been drinking.

Molly was seated by the fire-place in her sombre mourning garments. Her face was very pale and thin; her eyes looked as if she had been crying. There was nothing left of the old beauty which had once won Jim.

She rose, too, as Jim entered, and looked at him as he came over to her, her eyes shining with indignation, and shame, and pain. And suddenly, as he stopped in front of her, it seemed as if her whole soul lay before him.

He saw it full of shame and intolerable self-humiliation that she had ever loved so selfish a thing as himself. He saw written on it her knowledge of his cowardice, his baseness, his heartlessness. He read there the record of those long twelve years when he had left her to toil, and suffer, and wear out her girlhood that he might have more to spend on his own pleasures.

And he knew that her judgment was true, and because of the truth, a great wave of rage and humiliation swept over him, and in the place of the lost love sprang a great hate.

"Good Heavens! Jim," Jeff exclaimed, "are you mad?" and he stepped between Molly and the fierce fury in the other man's face.

Jim turned his blazing eyes on him, and there saw, with that strange mysterious power that had come to him, that his old friend loved Molly faithfully, devotedly, hopelessly, and that the friendship between them was dead, because Jeff, too, saw him now as he was. It was the last stroke.

"Have not I cause?" he cried, hoarsely. "You and she——" then did he hear a whisper, "This is the opportunity," or was he avenging himself, frenzied with rage and humiliation? "Oh, she is a nice woman to love! Do you know that her hands are stained with blood? She killed her uncle. Who else would do it? She knew he was rich; she——"

"Jim! Jim!" With a wild, sobbing cry, Molly sprung to him, and caught him by the arm, and flung up her hand to his mouth to stop his words. "You don't know what you are saying! Oh! it is that wicked woman; she is killing your soul. Jim, Jim, for the old love——"

But he thrust her from him, for between him and the piteous, terror-disfigured face uplifted to his, came the exquisite vision of the one for which he had sold his soul.

"There is no love. Could I love a murderess?"

With a choking, gasping cry, she staggered back and, but for Jeff, would have fallen to the ground. Jim rushed from the room.

Before the morning, Molly was arrested for the murder of her uncle. At her examination, the chief witness against her was Jim. He gave his evidence with apparently extreme reluctance. Few suspected that it was at his instigation that the charge was made against her.

He spoke of the harshness and cruelty of her uncle towards her. He let fall, as if by accident; some passionate words she had uttered to him not many months before, when she had declared that she would find some way of escape from his tyranny.

He betrayed the fact, that she had known all along of her uncle's wealth. It was not so much what he said, as what he insinuated, that told against her.

But his conscience made a last stand, and his distress of mind was evidently so great, that all the Court, knowing the engagement between them, pitied him for the dreadful position in which he found himself.

It was marvellous how many things, mere trifles in themselves, took shape against her, after her relations with the dead man were thus exposed. She was committed for trial.

Jeff, who had never rested night and day since the arrest, set about retaining the first counsel for her.

Jim disappeared.

It was well that he did not meet his old friend. He went straight to the house in Uxbridge Road to tell Anne the result of the examination. If it ended in a committal, she had promised to marry him at once though the marriage was to be kept secret till a decent time had elapsed, and he could fairly claim the property. Molly thus publicly disgraced, he could consider it his. Even Anne was afraid to resist any longer.

Since the night he had betrayed Molly, he had been so desperate, so reckless, that for fear, she had made this concession. But she was angry with him for having forced her to change her plans, and she sent him from her, making him promise not to come near her for three days.

It was the night before the wedding. It was now late in February. It had been a long, dreary winter. There was no sign yet of spring in the air. The snow lay thick in the streets, making it look like an Arctic city. There was little traffic, and the sound was muffled.

Anne had been out. As she entered the house the dark hall struck cold and chill as a vault. She hastily lighted a lamp she had left close at hand, for her return. The lamp rays cast Rembrandt lights on her face, which for all its loveliness was evil to see, as through it shone the lurid fire of a soul full of fear and pain.

She gathered her skirts close about her, holding the lamp over her head, and peering into the gloom that lay thick before her.

"Oh, those rats!" she muttered, her eyes dilated with dread and loathing. "They come up out of the slimy, noisome sewers; from rottening wharf steps where the cruel, dark waters flow; from graveyards, where they gnaw at the coffins of dead men! Oh, those horrible rats!"

She fled down the hall, and up the black staircase—the lamp in her hand flashing weird, flickering lights into the darkness about her. She did not stop till she reached the room up-stairs. As she laid her hand on the door, she turned white as death. The passion of dread and loathing in her face, froze into the horror of an infinite despair.

The door she had left locked, was open. The room she had left empty, had a presence. She knew who was awaiting her. She did not attempt to fly. She knew it useless. Wherever she moved, the fate that had come to her, would await her.

The entered the room. It was lighted only by the Oriental lamp that swung from the centre of the ceiling, and in some strange way, all its radiance seemed concentrated in that one point, and beneath it, in the full brilliance of its light, stood a man.

He was tall and slightly built; his face and form emaciated with fasting, or watchings. His face had the pale darkness of the East, and he was dressed in some loose, Oriental robe. An air of indescribable dignity and command emanated from his presence. There was something awful in the severity and calm of the intellectual power of his face.

He looked straight at the woman, and she crept forward, and fell at his feet, beating her hands on the ground and crying for mercy.

"The mercy you have given to others," he said, in a voice of marvellous sweetness and set so passionless, so pitiless, that the woman spoke no more, but lay there, uttering inarticulate moanings; her lithe form writhing in sinuous, shuddering convulsions, which bore a horrible resemblance to some beautiful serpents in mortal anguish. "What use have you made of the gift, you prayed, and labored, and suffered so infinitely to gain, the power we taught you how to win? You have murdered a human life—no——your hands did not take it, but by this power of reading a soul you knew that your kinsman, bearing that wretched man an undying hate, he at last resolved to avenge himself. It was you who called Molly Carleton away, that the miserable man might be left unprotected. By this same power, reading Jim Balfour's weaknesses, you have broken a good woman's heart. By it, you have, being able to play on its hidden springs of baseness, dragged a man's soul down into unspeakable depths of evil."

"Oh, I loved him, I loved him!" She raised her arms with a wailing cry.

"Love! What do you and he know of love? Your love is a base and hideous thing, cruel as the doom that was to overtake you if you misused this power. What are you and he, and such as you, but human rats, tearing with fierce teeth at the heartstrings of your fellow creatures? You come up from the deep waters of your black passions, from the slime and the corruption of your selfishness and baseness, to ravage the sanctity of human lives."

She staggered to her feet, and lifting her face to the light above, broke into a peal of laughter—the very ecstasy of horror and desolation.

The man looked at her for a moment; then lifted his hand with a gesture full of awful power, and, without another word, passed from the room vanishing into the silence and darkness of the night.

* * * * * *

The next morning, an hour before the time fixed for his arrival, Jim was at the house in Uxbridge Road. He had always found her waiting to open the door for him.

He had never been before, except after the dusk had set in, and he passed in and out so stealthily, that no one had ever seen him coming or going.

It was still very early in the morning, and the day was little more yet than a grey twilight. He found the front door open. It had never been so before.

He could scarcely define it; but it seemed as if on the joy and passionate happiness that filled him, a faint chill struck.

But a moment afterwards it had gone. She had already been down to open it for him. In another hour they would be speeding south.

He was to take her into the lands of sunshine, and roses, and light, that she loved so well. Away from the ice and the snow, and this cheerless dark house. That very day she would be his! They were to be married before they left England—it had all been arranged—at a little quiet country church, at which they were to stop.

There was not a single thought of Molly in the madness of delight that moved him. In his eagerness, he forgot to close the door behind him, but sprang up the stairs two or three at a time. He reached the landing. He stood at the door. It was then that the fire and joy surging through him suddenly congealed, freezing in his veins.

It seemed as if the horror of the room beyond, fell through the closed door on him, as he stood outside on the landing. A piercing blast of wind blowing through the open hall-door below, swept through the great house, choking into angry moanings in empty rooms and corners. But it was not so cold as the fear that was on him.

The door was locked, but the key was outside. He knew that she was there—shut in with—what?

He opened the door and entered. The windows, closely shuttered as usual, kept out the daylight dawning for the world outside. The room was full of the sickly fumes of the expiring lamp, which cast a faint flickering light on the floor.

In one of the farthest corners, all huddled up in an attitude of mortal fear and agony, was a figure. Jim went over to it. She lay on her face, the golden hair falling about her, the arms outstretched. He lifted the hair and looked. She was dead—cold.

The unspeakable sight!

Had death been there first, or had the rats come and——?

Did the question touch Jim's brain? Did anything stir it except the unutterable horror of that awful sight? The golden hair dropped from his hands, and, with a great shuddering cry, he fell down beside her, senseless.

* * * * * *

That same day, a few hours later, there was an accident in the crowded streets of the city. An old man was knocked down and mortally hurt.

He was carried to the nearest hospital. There, a very short time later, he had a visitor. It was a tall, dark, Eastern-looking man, who claimed acquaintance with the wounded man. As the latter was dying, he was admitted. The stranger spoke a few words in a low tone to the old man, who was lying apparently insensible.

The words had a strange effect; the old man opened his eyes with a look of fear and despair, which gradually vanished as the stranger continued speaking, in a calm, gentle voice, in an unknown language.

The wounded man beckoned to one of the doctors near, and said that he desired to make a confession before he died. Paper and ink were brought, and then he confessed that it was he who had murdered Jeremiah Carleton. He told of the hate he bore him, of his long search till he found him. He died as he finished his confession.

The man who had visited him was not seen again; but Molly was set free. Life looked black and hopeless; but she had one faithful friend, and a day came when at last he taught her to believe in love and truth again.

Jim Balfour was found in the empty house. The open street-door attracted the attention of the passers-by. He was still senseless; he was quite alone. Some one had removed the dead woman as he lay insensible.

To the end of his days, he believed that she was buried somewhere under the foundations of the house. But he never entered it again to look. When he came out of that swoon, he was in a raging brain-fever, and all his talk of Anne and the rat-haunted house was set down to the ravings of delirium. It was months before he could be pronounced out of danger. He lives still—a mere wreck of his former self.

He is a reserved, concentrated man, and those who know him best, say he is utterly heartless. No one would ever dream of asking his help or going to him in trouble for sympathy;

They say, too, that he is mad on one point. The mention or the sight of a rat, sends him into a paroxysm of loathing and rage.

ODD WILLS.

THERE are few subjects more interesting and amusing than the study of wills, almost all of which exhibit the ruling passion strong in death.

Sometimes it is revenge, sometimes it is charity, and sometimes it is mere notoriety that is desired; but it may generally be taken as a maxim that the tone of the will indicates the character of the man.

Very often a will is utilised to let the world know the true nature of the testator's connubial or domestic relations, and as a sure means of venting spite without the possibility of retaliation.

Thus, Henry; Earl of Stafford, in his will, dated 1719, says—

"I give to the worst of women, who is guilty of all ills; the daughter of Mr. Gramond, a Frenchman, whom I have unfortunately married, five and forty brass halfpence, which will buy her a pullet for her supper, a greater sum than her father can ever make her; for I have known when he had neither money nor credit for such a purpose, he being the worst of men, and his wife the worst of women. Had I known their character I had never married their daughter or made myself unhappy."

More odd still was the will of another henpecked one.

The parish register in Lymington Church Hants, contains this entry, under date the year 1736;

"Samuel Baldwin, Esq., sojourner in this parish, was immersed without the Needles in Scratchell Bay, May 20."

Unlucky Samuel Baldwin did not live on the best possible terms with his wife. He called her a vixen, while she said he was a brute, and, did Providence vouchsafe her to see the last of him, she would have extreme pleasure in dancing over his grave.

Therefore, it was that, in order to disappoint her solitatory desires, poor Mr. Baldwin desired that his body should be consigned to the depths of the ocean.

The will of Mr. William Dunlop is odd indeed: "In the name of God. Amen. I William Dunlop, of Gairbraid, in the township of Colborne and district of Huron, Western Canada; Esquire, being in sound health, and my mind just as usual, which my friends who flatter me say is no great blessing at the best of times, do make this my last will and testament as follows: Revoking, of course, all former wills, I leave the property of Gairbraid, all other landed property I may die possessed of, to my sisters, Ellen Boyle Story and Elizabeth Boyle Dunlop—the former because she is married to a minister, whom (God help him!) she henpecks; the latter because she is married to nobody. I also leave my late brother's watch to my brother Sandy, exempting him at the same time to give up Whiggery, Radicalism, and all other sins that do most easily beset him. I leave my brother Allen my big silver snuff box, as I am informed he is rather a decent Christian with a jolly face. I leave Parson Chevassie (Maggie's husband) the small box I got from the militia, as a small token of my gratitude for the service he has done the family in taking a sister that no man of taste would have. I give my silver cup, with a sovereign in it, to my sister Janet Graham Dunlop, because she is an old maid and pious, and also my granny's snuff mull, as it looks decent to see an old woman taking snuff. I witness thereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal the 31st day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two. (Signed) W. Dunlop."

The family picture when this will was read must have been very excruciatingly funny.

Many are the allusions in wills to the hardly honest characters of the legatees. Stephen Church, lighterman of St. Mary-on-the-Hill, City (1793), left his son a shilling, with the advice to "hire a porter to carry away the next badge and frame he should steal." But still more stinging was Steven Swain, of St. Olave, Southwark, who in February, 1770, bequeathed "To John Abbot, and Mary his wife, the sum of sixpence each, to buy for each of them a halter, for fear the sheriffs should not be provided." Stingingly sarcastic also was the uncle who left eleven silver spoons to his nephew, adding, "If I have not the dozen *he* knows the reason;" the fact being that the nephew had, some time before, stolen the twelfth spoon from his relative and consigned it to the care of another avuncular relative.

Some strange bequests of slighting character are to be found in the will of one of the Earls of Pembroke; among others we find these—"Item: I give my deer to the Earl of Salisbury, who, I know will preserve them, because he denied the king a buck out of his own parks. Item: I give nothing to Lord Say, which legacy I give him because I know he will bestow it on the poor. Item: To Tom May I give five shillings; I intended him more, but who ever has seen his 'History of the Parliament' thinks five shillings too much. Item: I give Lieutenant-General Cromwell one word of mine, because, hitherto, he never kept his own."

There are many instances of odd disposal of the body, or part of the body, of testator, defunct.

Some twenty-two years back Professor W. B. Powell, an eminent American physician and phrenologist, bequeathed his head to a Mrs. Kinsky, who was one of his pupils.

The executor of the deceased employed a Dr. Curtis, of Cincinnati, to cut off the head, which was then handed over to the fortunate legatee, who had the skull mounted and fixed under a glass case to stand in her drawing room. Truly there is no accounting [illegible]

Many men have left their bodies for dissection, and Jeremy Bentham left his skeleton to the Royal College of Surgeons.

Some people have believed in an earthly resurrection.

Joanna Southcott, the religious impostress and who lies buried in St. John's Wood Chapel graveyard, under an imposing stone memorial, on the side facing what was Henderson's Nursery, now incorporated with "Lord's" Cricket ground is a notable case in point.

So was a yeoman of Stevenage, in Hertfordshire, who died on February 1st, 1720, and directed that his estate (which was over $20,000 per annum), should be enjoyed by his two brothers, or, in case of their deaths, by his nephew, for thirty years, when he supposed he should return to life, and the property was to revert to him.

He ordered his coffin to be affixed to a beam in "the barn," which was to be locked and the key enclosed so that he might be enabled to let himself out at the stipulated time. His burial was delayed several days after the usual period, and he was then interred.

Sir James South left to the late Earl of Shaftesbury and the present Lord Rosse "a pocket chronometer each, in the fullest confidence that they would carry them in the place where he (the deceased) is in the habit of carrying his—namely, in the pantaloon pocket, properly so called".

Surely Sir Joseph Jekyll must have been demented when he left his whole fortune to pay a National Debt. When Lord Mansfield was told of this he exclaimed:

"Sir Joseph was a very good man and a good lawyer, but his bequest was a very foolish one: he might as well have attempted to stop the middle arch of Blackfriars Bridge with his full-bottomed wig."

Among the odd wills, or clauses in wills, of great men, may be mentioned the codicil to that of the Great Napoleon, bequeathing 10 000 francs to the man who was accused of a desire to assassinate the Duke of Wellington.

"Cantillon," adds Napoleon, had as much right to assassinate the Oligarch as the latter had to send me to perish on the rock of St. Helena."

TAKING PICTURES.—One of the newest applications of electricity is the detective camera designed to be fixed in the walls of banking houses behind the cashiers and so arranged as to photograph whoever stands at the counter, in case the man's picture is wanted.

The little button that does the work of opening the camera shutter, making the exposure, dropping the plate, and putting in a new plate, will be under the cashier's desk, so that he can, without betraying himself, instantly take the picture of anyone who excites suspicion.

This same camera can be put in police stations in the same way; and as the prisoners are brought in they can be photographed without knowing it, and without having a chance to distort their features, they do now when sitting for the Rogues' Gallery.

THERE is one social dishonor which no one thinks it worth while to think much of in reprobation, but which does more harm than any other known to us—we mean the dishonor of repeating conversations, opinions, circumstances, not made under promise of secrecy, but which a high sense of honor would treat as confidential if, haply, a high sense of honor were the rule.

UNEXPECTED ANSWERS.

"I would like my bill paid," said a tailor to an impecunious customer.

"Do you not owe any one anything?" asked the debtor.

"No, sir; I am thankful to say that I do not."

"Then you can afford to wait," was the answer as the customer walked slowly away.

A country clergyman was impressing upon his gardener the importance of his giving due attention to his utterances in the pulpit, and told him to provide himself with a pencil and paper to take notes of any passages which he particularly dwelt upon.

Next Sunday morning he was glad to perceive John busily following his advice. After the service he accosted him on his way home and asked to see his notes. After some demur John produced his paper. To the clergyman's astonishment, it was scrawled all over with unintelligible words and sentences.

"Why, John, this is all nonsense," he said, somewhat indignantly.

"Deed, sir, to tell the honest truth, I thocht that a' the time ye was preaching!"

A notorious miser was once presented by a clergyman with a pamphlet on almsgiving. Seeing him some time afterwards, he asked him what he thought of it.

"It's very fine, sir."

"Well, I trust you will act up to its teachings," said the minister. "You would perceive the great necessity of charity being freely given."

"So much so," answered the old niggard, "I have a great mind to turn beggar myself."

An English nobleman traveling incognito in the United States and wishing to enjoy his trip free from all the strict etiquette of his life at home, was one day annoyed by a negro waiter loitering about the room, although he had several times told him he did not require him to wait at table. At last he peremptorily ordered him to leave the room.

"Excuse me, sah," said Sambo, with a look of immense importance — "excuse me, but I'se 'sponsible for de silver."

A confirmed bachelor happening to see a lady looking at a picture representing a man on his knees before a beautiful woman, indignantly exclaimed:

"Before I would bend my knee to a woman, I would go and hang myself. Do you think it would be the best thing to do, madam?"

"It would certainly be the best for the woman," was the sarcastic reply.

At an examination at the College of Surgeons, a candidate was asked:

"What would you do if a man was blown up with gunpowder?"

"Wait till he came down," was the somewhat cool reply.

"Very good," continued the Professor. "And suppose I was to kick you for such an impertinent answer, what muscles would I put in motion?"

"The flexors and extensors of my arm; for I would at once knock you down."

A clergyman reprimanding one of his church members for quarrelling so frequently and loudly with his wife as to be a source of continual annoyance to the neighbors, remarked that the Scriptures declared that man and wife were one.

"Ay, that may be," answered the delinquent; "but if you were to pass when we were at it, you'd think there were a score of us."

An auctioneer in Edinburgh of the name of Martin was one day selling some books, and not being much of a scholar, he made some awkward attempts to unravel the titles of some foreign works amongst the number.

At last a French work was put up, and a young swell, thinking to have a laugh at the auctioneer's expense, asked him to read the title again, as he did not quite understand it."

"Oh!" said Martin, "it's something about manners, and that's what neither you nor me has ower muckle o.'"

Fenelon, who often bothered Richelieu for subscriptions to charitable purposes without any success, was one day telling him that he had just seen a capital portrait of him.

"And I suppose you would ask it for a subscription!" said Richelieu with a little sneer.

"Oh, no; I saw there was no chance—it was too like you."

A pompous but bald-headed merchant who had amassed a considerable fortune was continually informing people of the fact that he was a 'self-made man.'

"I say with pride, Mr. Blank," he began to a stranger one day, 'I am a self-made man. Nobody helped me. I made myself——

"Well, well," interrupted the listener, "when you were about it, why the dickens did you not put a little more hair on the top of your head?"

THERE is a great deal we never think of calling religion that is still fruit unto God, and garnered by him in the harvest. The fruits of the Spirit are love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, patience, goodness. I affirm that if these fruits are found in any form, whether you show your patience as a woman nursing a fretful child, or a man attending to the vexing detail of a business, or as a physician following the dark mazes of sickness, or as a mechanic fitting the joints and valves of a locomotive; being honest and true besides, you bring forth fruit unto God.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A caprice of the moment is violet luncheons, which are not without a certain poetry of suggestion as harbingers of the coming Spring. All the coloring of the appointments, so far as possible, is of violet, even the ices taking on the deep lovely hue through the necromancy of the caterer's art; violets are the floral decorations, and the actual candied flower, done up in tiny bonbonnieres of violet satin, is served to each guest to be carried away with her accompanying corsage of the pretty blossoms.

The Swiss good night refers to the custom of the Swiss mountaineers calling through their speaking trumpets at dusk, "Praise the Lord God." One herdsman starts the call and his neighbors from every peak echo it. The sounds are prolonged by reverberation from one mountain to another. After a short period, which is supposed to have been devoted to prayer, a herdsman calls "Good night." This, too, is repeated, and as darkness falls each retires to his hut. These calls may be heard for miles, and are re-echoed from the rocks some minutes after the original call has died away.

A St. Louis oculist says that the general belief that the eyes of persons who read a great deal are the first to give out is erroneous. I have found," he adds, "that the greatest sufferers with the eye troubles are those who are compelled to use that valuable member in an unnatural position. For example, take the dentist. In examining the patient's teeth he cannot look straight ahead, but does the most of his work under a great strain, with the head in an unnatural position and the eyes twisted so greatly that there is a constant strain upon them. In reading a book we are taught that when the eyes ache it is time to stop. That the dentist cannot do. During my practice I have treated more dentists than members of any other single profession."

The system of "tips," says a New York paper, to waiters in restaurants seems an evil which no man in this city can afford to ignore and retain the respect and attention of the servitor, but the system of "tips" paid to hotel employes for the slightest service, and which they expect and sometimes demand, might be stigmatized as almost downright robbery. An amusing story is told by a young man who is working hard for small wages, while his father lives luxuriously at a leading hotel. "The other evening," he said, "I called on the governor to get some cash, but I could not screw up my courage to the sticking point to ask him. Meanwhile a bottle of champagne and the necessary glasses, had been ordered, and, when the hall boy brought them, the old man tipped him with a dollar. I did not say anything, but when I walked home 23 blocks at 3 A. M., with four cents in my pocket, I really envied that hall boy his tip. I would have brought up the bottle for a quarter."

A movement has been started in New York to establish a botanic garden. The Torrey Botanical Club is active in the movement, and in a circular says that "the uses of the garden would be educational and scientific, pharmaceutical, horticultural, and lastly as a place of agreeable resort for the public at large. Such a garden should be devoted largely to the representation of distinctively American plants as well as others. This would make the garden a Mecca for botanists all over the world; it would be of great value to schools and colleges within a hundred miles of it; courses of instruction could be provided for pupils from New York and its vicinity; plants of medicinal value could be cultivated, and thus students of medicine and pharmacy would be greatly benefitted. Horticulturally the hothouses of such an institution would be models, and the methods of cultivation would be the best that science and experience can dictate. Furthermore, the garden would be the place for rare species and floral experiments.

It is stated that the result thus far of using dogs as messengers and sentinels in the German army has proved most successful. They have now been in training for a year, and have made wonderful progress. The kind found to be most suitable for this work are the shepherd dogs. The plan adopted is to train each dog to regard one of the soldiers as his master, the conduct of his training being in this man's hands. When on duty the animals are kept with the sentinels, and their natural intelligence aids them in speedily understanding and adapting themselves to the work. As an instance of what these dogs can do, on one occasion a soldier taking a dog from a sentinel went off to reconnoitre. After making his observation he wrote two reports, giving one to an Uhlan, mounted on a fast horse, and placing the other in a casket tied to the dog's neck. The latter reached the sentinel first. When it is considered how much smaller an object a dog is than a soldier for an enemy's fire, and how it can run close to the ground, it is not unlikely that dogs may be important auxiliaries.

TRAMP (thinking to obtain sympathy)—"I say, mum, I ain't got nowhere that I kin call home. I ain't eat nuthin' all day. Would you mind it, mum, if I slep' in the snow here until mornin'?" Lady of house (who knows 'em)—"No, I ain't got any objections. You can drop down there anywhere; only remember, that as I don't charge you anything for your lodgin' I shall expect you to shovel the snow away from the house in the mornin'."

Our Young Folks.

FAR IN THE NORTH.

BY SHEILA.

"OUR last talk will be about the fairies of Norway and Sweden," said Aunt Madge; "and I think myself that they are as odd and interesting as any I have read of.

"The fairy folk of Scandinavia, far up near the North Pole, are called Elves, Trolls, Dwarfs, Nisses and Neaks; and besides these there are Mermen and Mermaids.

"The former are supposed to be handsome; perhaps you would not think so, as they have been endowed with green hair and beard.

"As for Mermaids, they are always beautiful, and always combing their long flowing locks as they float on the crest of the waves; an ugly mermaid who didn't comb her hair would be quite a curiosity. Still, we are too wise to believe in these marine wonders, are we not? whatever our ancestors may have done.

"One of the spirits supposed to haunt the inland streams and rivers is called the Neck. In Sweden the folk say that he appears like a dapple-gray horse, but there is no fear of mistaking him for an ordinary steed, because his hoofs look the wrong way.

"If you put a certain kind of bridle on him you can make him work for you; but there seems some risk attending this, for they say that a man once ploughed all his land with the help of a Neck, but the bridle slipping off, the elfin horse darted into a small lake, dragging the plough in after him.

"The Neck is supposed to be a great musician, and he plays the harp in a wonderful manner. Before people bathe in the river they ought to throw in a bit of steel as a charm to keep him from doing them any harm.

"In Norway the Neck has the credit of being so clever that he can transform himself into all kinds of things; such as gold, wood, stone, half a boat on the river or half a horse on the bank.

"Anyone who touches the Neck while thus disguised falls under his power.

"Another curious water-goblin is the Stromkarl, or Boy of the Stream.

"This is his Swedish name; in Norway it is Grim, or Waterfall-Grim, and he too is a musician of very high order. You can, it is said, even learn the violin of him, but opinions differ as to how this desirable object can be obtained.

"Some say that you must place your violin three Thursday nights under a bridge where a stream is constantly running.

On the third night the Stromkarl will appear, playing his own instrument, whereupon the pupil must tune his soaked violin and accompany him.

"Others declare that to induce the Boy of the Stream to teach you music, you must —without looking at him—present him on a Thursday night with a black lamb. It must be a fat black lamb, or he will consider himself insulted, and will teach you nothing more than how to tune your fiddle. If he is satisfied with the offering he will take the learner's hand and swing it backwards rather roughly, after which he becomes a finished musician.

"I never heard of such a delightful easy way of learning the violin as this; no hard scales or exercises, or squeakings or scrapings, which make people wish you could practice out in the field.

"Ah, if the Stromkarl were not merely a creature of fancy we would all go to the market and buy plump black lambs, and attend his classes.

"Swedish folk say that this musical genius plays a melody with eleven variations; you may dance to ten of them, but the eleventh belongs to the night spirit and his band and is full of magic.

"When that is played, everything is obliged to dance; even trees, rocks, stones and lame people.

"The King of the Elves knows a similar tune, and it is said that some of the mountaineers pretend to have learnt it by listening outside an elf-hill.

"But no fiddler would dare to attempt the magic melody, because he has always heard that he would not be able to stop unless he could manage to play backwards for unless someone came behind him and cut the strings of his fiddle.

"Evidently fairy tunes are best left to the fairies.

"Another elf king drives over the sea in a splendid chariot, drawn by four black horses which neigh and snort when the waves are rough.

"The Trolls are comical little creatures, with long noses and humps, dressed in gray jackets and pointed red caps.

"They are supposed to inhabit the hills, which on festive occasions they prop up on red pillars; and then people passing by can see what is going on, or at any rate pretend they can.

"The Trolls are thought to be very rich, and to have chests of gold and jewels inside their hill dwellings which are themselves grand and beautiful.

"Like the Still-folk of Germany they dislike noise extremely, and cannot live where there are bells.

"A legend relates how the inhabitants of a certain village were terribly annoyed by the Trolls, who stole the provisions out of their larder, and, who, being fairy folk, of course could never be caught and punished. How to get rid of them they could not imagine, but at last they consulted a wise man and by his advice they hung a bell in the church steeple, which very soon sent all the little rogues flying.

"In former times, when a farmer turned out his cattle, he used to go to the hill and say, 'Thou little Troll! May I graze my cows on thy hill?' If no one answered, he took it as a sign that the little longed-nosed gentleman inside had no objection to make; because 'Silence gives consent,' you all know."

"Once, it is said, all the boats at a certain ferry were engaged by a stranger to cross backwards and forwards during a whole night. When the time came, the ferrymen rowed to and fro, to and fro; but not a single passenger could they see; although the boats sank down deep in the water one way, as if they were heavily laden."

"When the morning dawned the stranger appeared again, paid the boatman the sum agreed upon. Among them was a clever fellow, who, guessing that they had had to do with fairy folk, jumped on shore, took the clay from under his right foot, and put it in his cap."

"Then he saw that their passengers were little Trolls with red caps, for all the sand hills were covered with them."

"The peasants say that the Trolls have all disappeared from the country on account of the perpetual ringing and dinning of so many bells.

"Norway and Sweden have their house sprites, their 'drudging goblins,' like other countries. In Norway they give to the household fairy the name of Nis; and say that although very small, he is very strong, and that no farm-house can get on without him.

"Like the Trolls, the Nis is supposed to wear a grey dress and a red cap; he also carries a blue light at night, and on Michaelmas Day he puts on a round hat like a peasant."

"The Swedish house sprite rejoices in a longer name; he is called Tomtegubbe, i. e., the old man of the house; and like the Scottish Brownie he is much offended if a present of clothes is made him, although he will always accept bread and cheese and cake.

"In the times when the people really believed in the existence of these elfin workers they used every year to make them an offering of grey cloth, tobacco, and a shovelful of earth.

"The Tomte cannot bear being laughed at; nothing hurts his feelings so much as ridicule. A story is told of a farmer who caught sight of his house sprite dragging along a single straw, very slowly.

"'What's the odds to me,' asked the farmer in a sneering tone, 'whether you bring me that or nothing?'

"The Tomte felt much insulted by this question, and off he went to live with the farmer's neighbor, who at once became very prosperous, while the other man had nothing but bad fortune ever after.

"In winter-time these spirites are said to play with miniature sledges, and to amuse themselves in the moonlight leaping over fences.

"Ancient trees, if near a house, must never be felled, because a Nis or a Tomte might be living in one of them and would be very angry if he were disturbed.

"Then besides all these fairies there is a race of elves who are thought to live underground, and are merry mischievous imps, which have great regard for neatness and order.

"Tidy servants are said to receive rewards from the elves; and one housemaid was in such high favor with them that they actually invited her to a wedding.

"It was a very nice wedding, but she was rather amused when the elves gave her for a present some wooden chips; however, she thanked them politely, and put them in her pocket.

"The bridal pair was walking along arm-in-arm when they came to a piece of straw lying in their way, and the bride, in trying to hop over the huge obstacle, unfortunately fell on her face.

"This so tickled the housemaid's fancy that she burst out laughing; whereupon the elves, wedding party and all, instantly vanished.

"The next morning the girl found that the chips had turned into lumps of gold. See what comes of being a favorite of the fairies!

"I have read of a dairymaid who did not fare so well.

"A party of elves came to the farm to which she belonged, and settled under the floor of the cow-house.

"The new comers objected—very unreasonably I think—to the cows, and ordered the dairymaid to take them away.

"Naturally enough she did not obey, and the angry mannikins put her on top of a haystack and killed all the cows.

"After this disgraceful conduct they went off and took up their abode in the meadow, traveling at night in little coaches; the king going in the first.

"The Danish elf-folk are remarkably odd creatures, at least the lady elves are; for although young and beautiful, they have hollow backs like a dough-trough.

"It is said that they may often be seen dancing in the moonlight on the moors; but the elfmen prefer to bathe themselves in the sunbeams."

HOME.—"Home," that dear old word is often far too lightly and irreverently used. To some any place is home though it may be as cold as the walls enclosing it, so little do they think of or appreciate all there is in home, of how much the words conveys to home.

The true home is only where love dwells, and that will make the poorest abode the happiest home.

The French, with all their musical language have no such word as "home;" it is only house with them; they can only say, *chez vous* or *chez nous*.

The Germans are more like us in that respect. They have that pretty home word "heim." They also have a custom in some places of singing as they leave the church a hymn to the tune of "Home, sweet Home."

TOTTIE'S TUMBLE.

BY E. M. W.

"SHE is all right," whispered the nurse to the housemaid outside the nursery door. "She is playing with her doll, and if once she begins talking to that beloved Tottie I know she will not trouble me for an hour. I'll just turn the key though in case she should take it in her head to come and look for me. Where's cook?"

"Safe enough in her own room with a bad head-ache."

So the two women went out. Annie's parents were away for a few days, and nurse and Lucy (who were both new servants) wanted to go to the village fair.

Mr. and Mrs. Carlisle would not have left Annie alone with them if it had not been that cook would be there, and as she had been in the house ever since Annie was born, they knew that they could trust her to look after their little girl.

Annie played happily enough in the nursery by herself, talking to Tottie as if she understood every word she said.

"I wonder where nurse is?" she said presently. "Not that we want her; do we, my pet? We don't want her to come in now; only it is so hot, I should like the window open."

Now Annie's old nurse, who had been with her for years and had only lately left to be married, never allowed the window to be opened from the bottom because there was no bars across.

So Annie—rembering this—climbed on a chair, and tried to put the window down from the top.

This is a very awkward thing to do when you are standing tip-toe on a chair which is not as near the window as it might be. You look rather like a suspension bridge, and your heart goes into your mouth when your fingers slip and you knock your head against the window-frame.

That is just what Annie did, and for a moment she wondered whether she had smashed the glass or not.

Thinking that she might not have such a fortunate escape next time, the little girl opened the window from the bottom, and, perching Tottie on the window-sill, she sat down to enjoy the lovely summer evening.

"Whatever is that, Tottie?" she exclaimed suddenly, as the soft click startled her from her dreamy coziness.

It was really nurse locking the door, but of course Annie never thought of that.

She looked about for a few minutes, and then she rested her head on the cushion, still holding her precious doll. It was not long however, before Annie had taken her old position on the window-sill.

Perhaps Annie pushed against Tottie; perhaps Tottie overbalanced herself—neither of them ever knew; but the next instant Annie gave a scream, for poor Tottie was tumbling down, down into the garden below.

Annie looked after her in a helpless fright for a moment; then, when she saw that her favorite had landed in the middle of a rose-bush, she left the window, ran to the door, and called out:

"All right, Tottie, I'll be down in a moment."

But, as you know, the door was locked.

Now, although Annie was, as a rule, a very good child, she was by no means, perfect.

When, therefore, she found that she was locked in, she began to kick at the door and shout for nurse.

Of course, no one came, for there was no one in the house but the cook, who was asleep in a top room at the front of the house, and not likely to hear what took place in the nursery, which was on the first floor at the back.

Quite exhausted by her efforts, Annie sat on the floor and cried. Then looking up she caught sight of the candles which stood on the mantle-piece.

"Perhaps if I lighted a candle I could see if the key is in the lock," she said. "If it isn't, perhaps I can open the door with the cupboard key. I remember Madge did that once when cook locked us in just for fun."

So the candle was lighted, and held to the keyhole. Annie could see nothing, so she concluded that the key was not there, and putting the candle on the floor went to get the cupboard key.

But, alas! she did not notice that there was a large picture book, with loose leaves, lying on a chair, and that she had put the candle just under one of the leaves which was hanging over the edge.

All might have been well if Annie had not remembered Tottie. She could not pass the window without saying a word of comfort to the poor doll, whose position was most trying.

"I'm coming, darling, soon," cried the child, little thinking what true words she was speaking, only she was going in a very different way from what she meant.

The cheery words were followed by a terrible scream; for on turning towards the door, Annie beheld a big blaze.

One leaf of the picture book had first been scorched, then had caught fire; the rest followed; and to the little girl, locked in alone it seemed as if the whole house were burning.

Poor child! she rushes from door to window, from window to door, so fanning the flames and making them spread. The chair is blazing now.

What can she do? In vain she screams, "Mother, father, nurse!" no one can hear her. Then in despair she runs to the window, gets on the sill, and turning round, with her feet dangling, wonders whether she dare let herself drop. Glancing behind she sees the fire spreading; the smoke is being drawn towards the open window, and already makes her cough.

Just as she is hesitating a sparrow flies past. He has come for crumbs to that window all through the winter, and knows Annie well. He gives a little twitter. It is really a cry of fright, for he does not like smoke. But Annie does not know this; she only heard him twitter, and suddenly some words come into her mind, "One of them shall not fall to the ground without your Father."

She does not know exactly where they come from, but she knows that they mean that He takes care of the sparrows.

"Then He will take care of me if I do fall," she says aloud; "that's better than being burnt. I'm coming, Tottie!" As she speaks she slips off the window sill.

The next moment she is lying higgledy-piggledy on the same rose-bush which had held Tottie. I say had held, for poor Tottie was doomed to a second tumble as Annie's big body came in contact with her little one.

Of course Annie was too heavy to remain on the bush, but it broke her fall, and beyond some scratches and a sprain she came to no harm.

"Oh, I'm glad I jumped, Tottie," she said, picking up her doll; "we will give the sparrow an extra breakfast to-morrow for reminding me of that text. I couldn't have done it if it had not been for that."

Meanwhile cook had woke up feeling better, and thinking she would like to have a chat with Miss Annie, went to find her. She found instead a blazing room, but getting prompt help from the coachman, the fire was soon put out.

Mr. and Mrs. Carlisle returned directly they heard the bad news, and took their little girl away with them whilst they looked for a new nurse and housemaid.

Tottie is old and tattered now, but she is still in Annie's eyes "the prettiest doll in the world." And over the little girl's bed you may see an illuminated text which often reminds her of the friendly little sparrow—

"Not one of them shall fall to the ground without your Father."

OUT OF HIS DILEMMA.—An unkind story of a young lady who married a stuttering man.

The young man was undoubtedly a stutterer of the most positive order, for we have heard him go through paroxysms to get out a simple "good-morning!" The lady whom he subsequently married was of an eminently practical turn of mind. No maiden modesty or bashfulness cloyed her methods. She spoke to the point, and never left a point unexpressed even if she deemed it pertinent.

After he had called upon her some three or four times she decided that it was about time for her to know his intentions. So the next time he called, after they had seated themselves as usual on the sofa, she said quietly but firmly:

"Mr. Smith, I am very much flattered by the interest you have taken in me, and the flowers you have just given me are very pretty, but I feel that I should not be doing my duty if I delayed any longer asking you what your intentions are; whither do these attentions and presents lead?"

Young Mr. Smith rose to his feet and a blush rose to his cheek. He essayed to speak. For a moment his lips and tongue seemed paralyzed. Then he managed to get out:

"M-M-M-M-y d-d-d-d-d—"

The "d" might have stood for any number of words, but Miss Smith, justifiably perhaps, interpreted it to stand for darling, and the youth's acute embarrassment to a modest confusion in making a formal proposal.

Any way, she took Mr. Smith by the hand, and, looking into his eyes, exclaimed—

"Mr. Smith, I appreciate your embarrassment, but I understand what you wish to say. You may speak to papa, and if he approves, so do I."

They were married a few months later, but Mr. Smith has never explained satisfactorily to his friends whether he stuttered into matrimony of his own free will or against it.

A distinguished man is reported to have recently said, in conversation with a watering-place belle, that when he married, he did not want to marry a woman who knew too much. After he had been engaged in mental labor or speech-making all day, when he came home at night he didn't want his wife to talk to him; but while he rested himself she was to fan off the flies.

OTIS, the hill town in Massachusetts which has claimed attention before through its "freaks," now comes to the front with a horse-trotting parson. He is Rev. J. C. Smith, a Congregational clergyman, who owns a good farm and several fast horses, which he does not hesitate to drive at races in the surrounding towns.

IT is a good divine that follows his own instructions. We can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than to be one of the twenty to follow our own teaching.

THE disesteem and contempt of others is inseparable from pride. It is hardly possible to overvalue ourselves but by undervaluing our neighbors.

IN THE SAND.

He wrote my name in the golden sand
  That glorious summer day;
He spoke as only souls understand,
While the waves in chorus laved the strand,
  And their white wings curled in play.
He looked in mine with a loving glance,
And I prayed it might last—that dreamlike trance!

I felt his breath on my burning brow—
  He said, in tremulous tone,
"As thou hast beheld me writing now
On the willing sand, thy name, I vow,
  Is writ on my heart alone;
And oh! that heart shall be blest in its care,
Never another shall be written there."

The waves came up with a steady flow
  And they swept away the name;
I said to my soul—but he didn't know—
"Will time's rude waves touch my love's heart so
  And wipe out the words the same—
Even as the sea with its cruel art,
Will the years sweep my name from a changing heart?"

Foolish and weak, I believed it all,
  But ah! the years made me wise;
Like others, I saw my idol fall,
With tears I laid it under a pall—
  How time opens all our eyes!
It swept his heart as the wave swept the shore,
And the vows, like the name, are there no more.

ON GALLOWS TREE.

It may be some consolation to the gentlemen who are strung up by the neck as well as to the other gentlemen who have at times to fulfill their duty as sheriffs to hear that hanging was at one time regarded as an honor and as an act of piety on the part of both victim and executioner.

With the Teutonic races hanging was the mode of sacrifice to Woden, the god of the wind, sky and sun, generally represented as holding a golden wheel.

In one of the early Norse sagas we have a story of a king who desired to dedicate himself to the god.

Accordingly, he had a gallows erected before his palace, and got a friend to fasten a halter round his neck and hang him on the gibbet.

Another story tells of a woman who, to gain her husband's love by brewing a good vat of ale, hanged her son to the god.

At one place in Denmark, every nine years, ninety nine men and as many horses were hanged in honor of the god; and at Upsala numerous human victims dangled by the neck about the image of Odin.

After their great victory over the Romans, the Cimbri and Teutons hanged all their captives as a thank-offering to their gods and after the slaughter of the legions of Varus, the horses of the Romans were found hanged on the trees of the scene of defeat near the Westphalian Gate,

Indeed, one of the names of Odin was "the hanging god," either because he hanged himself or because he was the deity who had victims hung up to him.

He was also entitled the lord of the gallows, the world-tree.

Originally, victims were either free will offerings or were picked from among the noblest and best of the land.

So we hear of a Norse king that he sacrificed one of his sons every ten years, and of the Swedes in time of famine sacrificing their king.

Indeed, so deeply had in some places the idea sunk into the general conscience that the victim must be of the best that in Genoa in the Middle Ages, long after all idea of the true significence of an execution was lost, a criminal was ennobled before he was hanged.

It was usual to strip or half strip the criminal who was hanged, and sometimes to put a wooden hat filled with pitch on his head, which latter ran down over and closed his eyes, which is doubtless the origin of the cap now drawn over the faces of the criminals.

Gallows were wont to be erected on spots of land running out into the sea and by rivers and firths.

In the West of England, in numerous places are fields, situated in lonely spots, that go by the name of gallows traps, and the popular saying concerning them is that whosoever sets foot in them is predestined to be hanged.

The probable origin of this superstition is that these were actual traps for the unwary, who, should they be found treading on this hallowed ground, were pounced on and strung up to the god of sun and gale.

When it was found difficult to supply the god with prisoners and criminals in certain districts a parcel of land was set apart to Odin, and it was thought that whosoever—of course a child or stranger—incautiously entered this plot he had been drawn thither by the deity, and chosen by him as his victim. All scruple was stifled, and the unfortunate was seized and devoted to the gibbet god.

Execution on the wheel, while, not clearly proved to have been a sacrifice to the Sun God, probably had its origin in its worship of the luminous deity, and it is generally supposed that victims to the sun were offered by entwining their limbs about the spokes and then erecting the wheel on a long pole, so as to expose the victim's face to the sky.

That the Greeks and Romans did sometimes employ the mode of twining the limbs among the spokes and exposing to a lingering death in the sun is almost certain. This kind of death for criminals gradually became popular with judges in Europe.

Originally the victims were allowed to linger for many days on their wheels, bound in the most torturing contortions, and deprived of food and water. But even when their limbs were broken they lived for many hours.

A concession to humanity came in the Seventeenth Century, when the criminals were beaten on the chest and neck with an iron bar. But this concession was not general, and in the sentence of the judges, order was given whether the execution was to take place "from below" or "from above."

If from below that signified that the extremities were to be struck with the bar, and only the final blow to be dealt on the breast.

A French writer of the Sixteenth Century describes the penalty of the wheel:

"It is a mode of death more like that of the cross than of the gallows.

"In the first place the limbs are bound to four cross-beams, then are broken with an iron bar, after that the shattered body is taken off the cross and fastened to a wheel which is set upright, so that, still living and feeling, still writhing, the victim may die slowly in the full glare of the sun, lying on his back, face upwards."

The last case of the use of the wheel in Germany was about 1840 It disappeared before the guillotine from France about fifty years earlier.

Whether at any time a cannibal feast followed on an act of sacrifice on the wheel and the gallows we can not say, but a whole series of superstitions exists connected with criminals who have suffered the extreme penalty of the law which points to something of the sort. All executioners throughout the Middle Ages and to the present day derived and derives a revenue from the sale of pieces of the cord and of other articles connected with the criminal who has suffered, and these relics are purchased and preserved, not out of a morbid love of horrors, but out of real belief that they are beneficial; that they bring with them protection against accidents and are preservatives against disease.

Grains of Gold.

They most assume who know the least

Stagnation is something worse than death, it is corruption also.

Let us learn upon earth those things which can call us to heaven.

The innumerable stars shining in order, like a living hymn written in light.

We must labor unceasingly to render our piety reasonable, and our reason pious.

Minds of moderate calibre ordinarily condemn everything which is beyond their range.

A man never outlives his conscience, and that, for this cause only, he cannot outlive himself.

It is not the quantity of the meat, but the cheerfulness of the guests, which makes the feast.

Do not allow idleness to deceive you; for, while you give him to-day, he steals to-morrow from you.

Nothing is so good for an ignorant man as silence; and if he was sensible of this he would not be ignorant.

Demand not that events should happen as you wish; but wish them to happen as they do happen, and you will go on well.

True piety hath in it nothing weak, nothing sad, nothing constrained. It enlarges the heart; it is simple, free, and attractive.

Speech is as a pump, by which we rise and pour out the water from the great lake of thought, whither it flows back again.

Femininities.

The house showeth the owner.

Let your first, last and best confidante be your mother.

Has every unmarried lady of 40 passed the Cape of Good Hope?

Women distrust men too much in general and not enough in particular.

Slander is a slime which envious people throw on others better than themselves.

It is not the false teeth which should be objectionable, but the false tongue behind them.

The best and sweetest flowers of Paradise God gives to his people when they are upon their knees.

"Cicely, dear, who was the best man at your wedding?" "Why, dear, my husband, of course."

The seeds of repentance are sown in youth by pleasure, but the harvest is reaped in age and pain.

The universe is but one great city, full of beloved ones, divine and human, by nature endeared to each other.

There are in Perry, Ga., 46 marriageable young ladies, 26 marriageable young men, 15 widows, and only 2 widowers.

Gray hair for women is becoming such a rage in Paris that locks which until lately would have been dyed a golden brown are now bleached white.

A Western paper defines a popular woman as one whom all men love and all women admire. The difficulty with this definition is that it is a contradiction in terms.

A woman lecturer says woman's sphere is bounded north by her husband, on the east by her baby, on the south by her mother-in-law, and on the west by a maiden aunt.

Emma: "What are you crying about, Tom?" Tom: "Ma slapped me because I wouldn't stop singing." "What were you singing?" "Always Take Mother's Advice."

THE coin that is most current among mankind is flattery, the only benefit of which is, that by hearing what we are not, we may be instructed what we ought to be.

Some people think that the heart can never be affected till it has undergone a battery of exaggerated phrases; and they drive nails into us, by way of touching our feelings.

Education commences at the mother's knee, and every word spoken within the hearing of little children tends towards the formation of character. Let parents bear this great truth ever in mind.

Two hours after Edward Horner, of Chicago, had married Nellie Spencer, he asked her if she liked lobsters. She said she didn't, and they had a discussion which resulted in blows and a separation.

The corner-stone of a hotel for women was laid in London a short time ago. The occupants will be allowed to do their own cooking and housework, and the rent of rooms will be from $1.25 to $2.50 per week.

Young wife: "Yes, father always gives away expensive things when he makes presents." Husband: "So I discovered when he gave you away!" And then he went to the library to draw a check for the monthly millinery bill.

"Is there going to be any music at the Church festival to-night?" asked Snooks of the pastor. "I do not know," responded that dignitary, who had been many times snubbed by the leader,—"I do not know, but the choir will sing!"

Anxious mother: "Why, my dear, in tears! What has happened?" Married daughter. "I—I got angry at Arthur this morning and said a lot of—of mean things, and then he said a lot of meaner ones, and—and I couldn't think of anything mean enough to say back, I couldn't!"

Lady Thyra, reading catalogue: "Two dogs, after Landseer." Lady Myra: "But where is Landseer? I don't see him." Lady Thyra: "Why, surely, you don't suppose he would stay there with those two ferocious-looking brutes after him. I know I shouldn't if I were in his place."

The Russian Empress thinks little of court etiquette. Recently at some function at the Danish Court, where properly she had precedence of the Princess of Wales, she laughingly invited the Princess to go ahead of her, saying: "When I am here I am only my mother's second daughter."

Six young ladies of Brunswick, Ga., organized themselves into an "Old Maid Club." The young ladies, it is said, have pledged each other never to marry unless the consent of every member of the club is first obtained, in which case the consenting members are to act as bridesmaids and each of them present the bride with a handsome present.

The followlog is Manon's formula for a woman: "During her childhood a woman ought to depend on her father; when married, on her husband; when the latter dies, on her son; if she has none, on her husband's nearest relatives; if they are lacking, on those of her father, and in default of the parental relatives, on the sovereign. A woman ought never to be her own guide."

Mr. J. Parker: "There are Trimble Hawkins and his wife. They are a handsome couple, aren't they?" Miss Charity Ball: "Oh, yes, they are quite distinguished looking; but they say that at home they quarrel scandalously; and, besides that, Mrs. Trimble-Hawkins absolutely neglects every household duty, and her children are a perfect disgrace!" "Oh, you know her, then?" "Yes, indeed; I am her dearest friend!"

"Why, Jennie, what do you think?" she cried, as she stopped a friend on the avenue the other morning. "You've gone to housekeeping, I bet." "Yes, we have! George only gets $3 a week, you know, and mamma was doubtful, but it's all right. We can buy all we want and have lots left. Why, what do you think turnips cost?" "I don't know." "Only a cent a pint, and I can get a small cabbage for three cents!"

Masculinities.

Shut every door after you, and without slamming it.

There is a charming elasticity about a girl of 18 springs.

He who waits to do a great deal at once will never do anything.

Pleasure soon exhausts us, and itself also; but endeavor never does

The man who feels certain he will not succeed is seldom mistaken.

Adam was perhaps the first man who thought marriage a failure.

The man with the largest library generally finds the least time to read.

Never interrupt any conversation, but wait patiently your turn to speak.

Tell of your own faults and misdoings, not those of your brothers and sisters.

As soon as a man begins to "own the town," it is time to dump him over the fence.

There is no fortune so good but that it may be reversed, and none so bad but it may be bettered.

Braxton: "Does Jack speak French?" Calvert: "Yes; enough to make himself misunderstood."

It is a great mistake to set up your own standard of right and wrong, and judge people accordingly.

A person who constantly meddles to no purpose means to do harm, and is not sorry to find he has succeeded.

One of the most important rules of the science of manners is an almost absolute silence in regard to yourself.

A New Haven man, who was to have married a wealthy young lady, eloped with the latter's French maid.

A woman can learn to love, but a man cannot. He either tumbles in, neck and heels, or stays out altogether.

Charles Davis and wife, of Otisco, Clark county, Ind., have just celebrated the 63d anniversary of their marriage.

The idea of teaching every girl to thump a piano, and every boy to be a bookkeeper, will make potatoes $4 a bushel in 20 years.

When a lady indulges in a yawn or two, gentleman callers are justified in taking their hats and viewing the house from the outside.

A man does not compliment you when he gives you some slanderous, disagreeable information and says, "I thought you would like to know it."

"A certain one of Albany's old bachelors," says a Georgia paper, "has made two $10 wagers that he will marry before the end of this year."

The latest novelty in decanters is a musical affair which plays "Comin' Thro' the Rye," "When the Corn is Waving" and "The Wind That Shakes the Barley."

Montesquieu wittily observes, that, by building professed madhouses, men tacitly insinuate that all who are out of their senses are to be found only in those places.

If promises from man to man have force, why not from man to woman? Their very weakness is the charter of their power, and they should not be injured, because they can't return it.

She: "Henry, what's the matter with you? You have left the latch key on the outside of the door!" He: "Well, m'dear, you didn't expect me t' unlock the door from th' inside, did y'?"

The great moments of life are but moments like the others. Your doom is spoken in a word or two. A single look from the eyes, a mere pressure of the hand, may decide it; or of the lips, though they cannot speak.

A marriage, in which the contracting parties are each almost 80 years old, is exciting gossip in Brooklyn. The groom is a clergyman and the bride the widow of a clergyman. The couple met for the first time less than two months ago.

Parks Pledger, aged 24, committed suicide near Holly Springs, Ark., recently. He had promised to marry two girls, and had fixed the time for the weddings on the same day. Everything was in readiness at the home of each bride-elect, about 30 miles apart.

Old Baboony: "Algernon, these extravagant habits of yours will ruin us all sooner or later. I think it's time for you to settle down and take a wife." Algy: "Why, father, are you crazy? If your means are not enough for one family, how could you pawsibly suppawt two?"

A German boy was reading a blood and-thunder novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself: "Now, this will never do! I get too much excited over it! I can't study so well after it! So here goes!" and he flung the book out into the river. He was Fichte, the German philosopher.

Almost everything is happening almost all the time. A soft corn, for instance, has just caused the death of Colonel Oliver Keese, treasurer of Crawford county, this State. Gangrene had set in at the spot whence the corn was cut, so that amputation of the leg became necessary, and death speedily followed the act of surgery.

This is how a certain Texas judge performs a marriage ceremony: "Do you and each of you solemnly swear that you are in earnest about this business, and that you will stand by each other as husband and wife through thick and thin, sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish?" The couple here nod, the groom, perhaps, remarking, "You bet!" and the thing is done.

This is an excellent hint in a New York paper to young society men, who are paying devoted attentions to debutantes, and doubtless the mothers of these sweet buds of society will be grateful for the paragraph: "If you desire to make a favorable impression upon the lady you would like for a mother-in-law, remember there is no better time for creating it than supper time at the ball. Keep an eye open for the lady's appetite."

Recent Book Issues.

"THEO," by Mrs. Burnett, just published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers. This is a sprightly love story. It is published at 25 cents a copy.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

Frank Marian Crawford's serial "'Sant Ilario," of which there is a very generous instalment, occupies the place of honor in *The English Illustrated Magazine* for February. An article on "Moated Houses," by W. W. Fenn has in narration and illustration all the charm of the picturesque days of moats and drawbridges. Its pictures are especially fascinating. H. Barton Baker has a sketch of Cognac, the famous place where brandy is made; Stanley J. Weyman's story, "The Home of Wolf," continues most entertaining; Reynold T. Bloomfield, M. A., has a charming article on the Venice of the North,—Dordt, which is illustrated by himself. The editorial departments are timely. Altogether this is one of the best issues of this magazine for some time. Macmillan & Co., New York.

A story of how the queen went to dine at Sark, a little island where a clergyman and his youngest daughter lived, and of how the dinner was gotten up and who ate it, is told, by Miss Susan Coolidge in *Wide Awake* for February. This is the subject of an admirably executed frontispiece. Mabel F. Robinson tells of "Children in Italian Sculpture." The article is illustrated by prints of some of the famous stuccos, stone carving, etc., in Italy. Charles L. Hill has a lesson on the length of the day, which is clearly told and plainly illustrated. There are interesting instalments of serials by J. T. Trowbridge and Margaret Sidney; poems by Mrs. M. F. Butts, Emma A. Opper, Emilia Poulsson, Mrs. Whiton Stone; and a long list of entertaining articles, each one of which seems better than the other. The *Wide Awake* was never so good as now. Published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, Mass.

The current number of *The Century* has an illustrated article on "Slow-Burning Construction," by Edward Atkinson, a practical essay that will be appreciated by builders, insurance men, and the general public. The opening paper, "Gerome, the Artist," will be of especial interest in this country, where the French painter is so much admired. It is by Fanny Field Herring. She was assisted by Gerome, who supplied a sketch of his own life and allowed the use of letters and conversations. He also permitted the copying of some of his pictures that have never been seen in America for illustrations, as well as some of the studies for his pictures. The instalment of the "Life of Lincoln" this month has to do with the events which resulted in the final removal of Gen. McClellan; and George Kennan continues his Siberian sketches in "Exiles in Irkutsk." "The Portraits of Mary Queen of Scots," by Laurence Hutton, gives an interesting review of the subject, with numerous illustrations. The other contributions in prose and verse are by well known writers, and are generally on timely topics. The Century Co., New York.

A NEW INDUSTRY.—A new industry in London is thus described by an English journal: "A very useful idea has been well carried out by the originators of the "House-to-House Knife Cleaning Brigade," whose juvenile emissaries call twice a week at the door of subscribers, and clean and sharpen any number of table knives and carvers for the moderate charge of twelve shillings per annum, or one shilling and three pence monthly.

The boys employed in the "Brigade" are sent upon their duties under the care of a superintendent, who sees that their work is well and satisfactorily performed.

Their stock-in-trade consists of a trunk containing a patent knife-cleaning machine; and housekeepers, who find one of the most vexatious of their minor troubles the destruction of their knives by a heavy-handed domestic, will, doubtless, be glad enough to secure the services of the "Brigade."

The undertaking has, I am informed, already met with much appreciation in several London districts, and additional branches are to be opened in various parts of the metropolis and its suburbs.

THERE.—The eight olive trees on the Mount of Olives were flourishing 800 years ago, when the Turks captured Jerusalem.

The baobab tree of Senegal is estimated to be 5,150 years old, and Humboldt considers the dragon tree of Orotava, in Teneriffe, to be quite as old.

The rose tree has ever been a favorite; the rose was anciently considered a token of secrecy, hence to whisper anything sub rosa means that it is never to be repeated.

It is curious that grass will grow under certain trees, notably the beech, fir, chestnut and aspen. This latter tree, so the story goes, furnished the wood for our Saviour's cross, and its leaves were doomed to tremble till the end of the world.

THERE is no virtue which does not rejoice in a well-descended nature; there is a kind of I know not what congratulation in well-doing, that gives us an inward satisfaction, and certain generous boldness that accompanies a good conscience.

THE soft glow of the tea rose is acquired by ladies who use Poxzoni's Complexion Powder. Try it.

SAVAGE IDEAS.

IT IS amusing to learn of the strange manner in which the "untutored savage" regards some of the ordinary attributes of civilization.

Some women on the borders of the Great Sahara thought a certain French traveller had a green skin because he wore gloves of that hue, and others in a nomadic tribe of Morocco were very much frightened at seeing a traveller pull off his boots. They regarded the boots as part of the natural body, and wondered much that they should be dark, while the faces were white.

Another African tribe believed that a missionary was detaching his feet when removing his shoes, and that his black stockings were a separate part of a double skin with which he was provided.

Chairs delighted the natives of New Zealand, especially when they found they could carry them about.

A Marquesan chief was struck with astonishment at finding that he could make a bell ring by pulling the rope.

Guinea negroes, Tahitians, and tribes of the New Britain Archipelago believed that cloth, arms, hatchets, mirrors, and other objects of the kind were fruits of the earth, and Tahitians sowed nails to raise a crop, while Caribs planted gunpowder in the ground, with a similar expectation.

Guaranis of Brazil, when the horses of Europeans were restless, begged them to be still, and promised to feed them well.

Some natives of the Marianne Islands carried presents to a horse to obtain from him permission to pull a few hairs out of his tail.

The Khas, and Indo-Chinese people can only add two and two by the use of their fingers, and the same is true of the Hottentots and the inhabitants of Fezzan.

The Ceirons, a New Guinea tribe, only appreciate the value of any number after they had counted from one to that number on their fingers.

A chief of a Siberian tribe and a Coranna of East Africa could not say how many children they had (seven in one case) without telling them on the fingers.

Livingstone and Du Chaillu both testify to the impossibility of making savages understand how thought is communicated by writing and reading. Tribes have been found from the West to the East Indies whom no amount of explanation could show how it was possible to convey words by pen and paper. The Basutos of Africa say it is impossible, for you cannot make the paper speak.

A Togan chief upon seeing white men write, asked that they should put him on paper. Astonished at finding that a person who had just come up could read his name he still asked. "Where are my head, my arms, my legs, etc., deeming the picture necessary to the conveyance of the idea.

Canadian Indians could not comprehend how, by looking at the number of the page, the reader could tell how many pages preceded it.

A Missouri river tribe, seeing a traveller reading a fragment of a newspaper, thought it a charm to cure weak eyes, and wanted to purchase it at any price.

Brazilian Indians could not be made to understand how the white people who collected a vocabulary of their language, could, by referring to their written lists, make themselves so easily understood in so short a time.

Some tribes think the books speak to the readers. Caribs and Guiana Indians so believed, and some Eskimos, seeing a priest read the Evangelists, thought that he heard the voice of the book, and repeated it to them.

In West Australia, books and papers are thought to reveal hidden secrets, and are called "speaking papers," It was inexplicable to them that the person receiving a letter announcing the sending of a number of sheep should be able by it to detect the loss of one.

IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE.—To the question "Is marriage a failure?" a jeweler replies in a trade periodical:

I ought to be in a position to answer that wide-world conundrum, if any one is. Marriage, in my opinion, is a great success, but courtship is a far greater one. How do I know? Why simply looking at my sales-books.

We make a specialty of wedding and engagement rings, and the sales during the past year were ahead of all previous records. Of course we read of divorces occasionally, but such people generally get married again, and that just goes to prove my assertion.

As for courtship—well, you may not believe it, but it is a fact that 50 per cent. of the single men nowadays carry engagement rings to suit the tastes of their various lady acquaintances, so as to have them handy in case of an emergency.

For instance, if Duke is about to call on Caroline, who has a liking for diamonds, he makes sure to take along with him a diamond ring. If he is going to visit Jane he has an emerald ring handy, and so on.

Then, again, men and women of all ages who had firmly made up their minds never to marry at all have become engaged, and some of them had married just on account of all this talk about marriage being a failure. There are no more long engagements now.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a recipe which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 55 Warren St., New York City, will receive the recipe free of charge.

R. R. R.

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs
Inflammation, Sciatica,
Lumbago, Rheumatism,
Neuralgia, Headache,
Toothache, Influenza,
Difficult Breathing.

CURED BY

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

In cases of LUMBAGO and RHEUMATISM, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF NEVER FAILS to give immediate ease.

The following was received by mail through W. H. Blyth, Druggist, Mt. Pleasant, Texas.

MR. W. H. BLYTH—Sir: "In compliance with your request to furnish you with the results of my knowledge and experience with Dr. Radway's R. R., in reply I can state that I have been using Radway's Remedies since 1852. I know the Ready Relief to be more reliable for Colds, Pleurisy, Pneumonia and diseases growing out of colds; for Cuts, Bruises, Sprains, Rheumatism and Aches, and pains generally, than any remedy I have ever known tried. From my personal knowledge of the Radway Remedies, I think them all superior to any remedies of which I have any knowledge, for all the ills for which they are recommended.

Respectfully,
T. H. SKIDMORE,
Pastor Green Hill Presbyterian Church.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE SAFEST AND MOST CERTAIN

PAIN REMEDY

In the world, that instantly stops the most excruciating pains. It never fails in giving ease to the sufferer of pain from whatever cause arising; it is truly the great

CONQUEROR OF PAIN!

And has done more good than any known remedy.

For headache (whether sick or nervous), toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, sprains, bruises, bites of insects, stiff neck, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds, the application of Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

Inflammation of the Kidneys, Inflammation of the Bladder, Inflammation of Bowels, Congestion of the Lungs, Sore Throat, Difficult Breathing, Croup, Catarrh, Influenza, Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Cold Chills, Ague Chills, Chilblains, Frost-bites.

The application of the Ready Relief to the part or parts where the difficulty or pain exists will afford ease and comfort.

INTERNALLY, a half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Colic, Flatulency, and all Internal pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

Fifty cents per bottle. Sold by druggists.

DR. RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS

The Great Liver Remedy.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen. DR. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, loss of appetite, headache, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or, deleterious drugs.

PERFECT DIGESTION

Will be accomplished by taking Radway's Pills. By so doing

SICK HEADACHE

Dyspepsia, Foul Stomach, Biliousness, will be avoided, and the food that is eaten contribute its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fulness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fulness of weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flashes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

DYSPEPSIA.

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS are a cure for this complaint. They restore strength to the stomach, and enable it to perform its function. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability of the system to contract diseases.

"Your Pills have done me more good (for Dyspepsia) than all the doctor's medicine that I have taken." ROBERT A. PAGE.
NEWPORT, KY.

"For many years had been afflicted with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, but got your Pills and they made a perfect cure. WILLIAM NOONAN.
BLANCHARD, MICH.

"For over three years I have been troubled with Dyspepsia, and found no relief until I used your Pills. They have cured me." THOMAS MCCULLA.
OMAHA, NEB.

"Used to suffer greatly from biliousness and Sick Headache, until I tried your Pills. They are the best I ever tried." LOUIS COSTA.
CAMDEN, N. J.

Price, 25 cents per box. Sold by all druggists.

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BEST for Health and Comfort

PERFECT FIT for all ages.

THOUSANDS now in use by BEAUTIFUL WOMEN and HEALTHY CHILDREN.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money returned.

Ferris' Patent RING BUCKLE at hip for HOSE Supporters.

TAPE fastened BUTTONS. Cord-Edge Button Holes.

Buttons at front—instead of Clasps.
Children—.50 .70 .75
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Premier Artists IN HAIR.

Inventors of the celebrated **GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.**

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. Over the crown of the head.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also **Dollard's Regenerative Cream**, to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

PHILADELPHIA, June 6, 1888.

Having used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract" for the past fifteen years, I cheerfully recommend it as a valuable preparation for the hair, thoroughly cleaning the scalp, and efficacious in case of nervous headache.

MRS. J. C. UHLE,
No. 4113 Pine Street.

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GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING.
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.

None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

100 Popular Songs and illus. catalogue 10c; 3 books 25c. Thurber & Co., Bay Shore, N. Y.

RUPTURE.—J. Ch. Smith, of 412 Greenwich St., Phila., was badly ruptured and entirely cured by Dr. J. B. Mayer, 811 Arch St., Phila.

115 | 4 papers assorted | SHARP'S NEEDLES | 10 Darning, 9 Toilet, 20 new sample cards, all 10c. Novelty Co., Clintonville, Ct.

PATENTS THOMAS P. SIMPSON, Washington, D.C. No atty's fee until Patent obtained. Write for Inventor's Guide.

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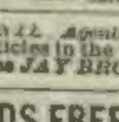

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SEEDS FREE! Until March 10th will send New Cat. and 6 sample packets choicest Seeds for Ten cts. Pansies, 20 vars. Double Asters, 35 vars. Pinks, Sweet Williams, 50 vars. Spotted Petunias, &c. (worth 50c.) GOODELL'S FLOWER FARM, Pansy Park, Dwight P. O., Mass.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

PENSIONS $80,000,000 for Soldiers, Sailors, their widows or parents. PENSIONS INCREASED. Discharges procured. ☞ No pension, NO FEE. Latest law, pamphlet free! PATRICK O'FARRELL, Att'y, Washington, D. C.

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Humorous.

STOLEN.

There are kisses that purple the lips where they press,
Until swollen with passionate, maddening greed.
There are kisses that fall like a holy caress,
Sacred seal of the true lover's heavenly creed!

There are kisses that burn with a sweet, subtle fire,
Like the glow in the heart of a golden old wine.
There are kisses that swoon in the wave of desire
As it sweeps o'er the soul in a rapture divine!

But, oh! the most thrilling—the sweetest of kisses,
Are the kisses that stealthy fall like the dew:
The sweet stolen kisses that nobody misses—
The sly, pilfered kisses that never are true!

—U. N. None.

Slip-shod—the skater.

On his last legs—The kangaroo.

A ghost of a show—The living skeleton.

Good only when used up—An umbrella.

A glass eye has one compensation—everybody else can see through the device, if the wearer can't.

It is one of the inconsistencies of life that we throw bouquets at the soprano and boot-jacks at the tom-cat.

Julius: "Oh, if you only loved me as warmly as I love you—" Nellie: "We would both be cremated, I fear."

What we call curiosity and inquisitiveness in other people seems in ourselves only a laudable thirst for useful information.

Bride: "Will you love me in the next world, darling?" Hubby: "That depends on what kind of an angel they make of you."

Gilhooly: "Capital is the child of labor." De Smith: "Yes, but I notice the parent is often ashamed to associate with the offspring."

"Miss Brooks," said he, "are you fond of chestnuts?" "Yes," she answered. And then he fell on his knees and told her the "old, old story."

A teacher asked a class to write an essay on "The Result of Laziness," and one of the bright but lazy boys in the class handed in as his composition a blank sheet of paper.

Capitalist: "And why do you ask that a day's work should be comprised within 8 hours?" Labor agitator: "So that we can have more time in which to demand shorter hours of labor."

A lazy, over-fed lad, returning from dinner to his work, was asked by the foreman if he had "no other motion than that?" "Yes," replied the boy, drawling out each letter, "but it's slower."

A little Burlington, Vt., girl was recently asked to name the most important production of Vermont. "Unknown men who emigrate to other states and become famous," was the reply.

Winks: "So you married a divorced woman whose husband is still living. Don't you hate him?" Jinks: "Well, I felt that way at first, but now I'm beginning to sort o' sympathize with him."

Two little Mobile boys were fishing from a wharf the other day, when one of them fell into the water. The other rushed up to a deck-hand, exclaiming: "Save him, mister! He's got all de bait!"

A little girl spent the afternoon at her grandmother's. When she came home her mother asked, "Have you been a good girl, dear?" "Not so very," answered the truthful little one; "but, oh, I've had lots of fun!"

Mr. Hopper: "May I have the pleasure of this dance, Miss Snob?" Miss Snob, wishing to show her preference: "Thanks, Mr. Hopper; I don't dance with every Tom-Dick-and-Harry, but I'll make an exception of you."

"That gentleman who just passed us," remarked Brown to Robinson, "I have met several times, and if he notices you at all, he looks you straight in the face. I like that style of man." "Yes," replied Robinson, "he is a barber, and probably wants to see if you don't need a shave."

"I've got a complaint to make," said an office-boy to his employer. "What is it?" "The bookkeeper kicked me, sir. I don't want no bookkeeper to kick me!" "Of course, he kicked you! You don't expect me to attend to everything, do you? I can't look after all the little details of the business myself."

"Does your husband go to his club, Mrs. Giberich?" "No; I broke up that little game last winter." "Why, how in the world did you do it?" "Whenever he started for the club I went with him as far as the skating rink, and told him to call for me on his way home. It only took a few doses to cure him."

The anarchist had just come home with a clean shirt on. "Good gracious, Barlowski!" exclaimed his wife, sinking into a chair; "have you become a blood-sucker capitalist and aristocrat?" "No," he said, "this shirt was a present." "How does it happen that you haven't traded it for whisky?" "It was the saloon-keeper who gave it to me!" he replied bitterly.

Some years ago a lot of fellows got out on a little time, when one of the number was taken to the lock-up. The next morning the young man sent for a friend to get him out, as he did not care to have his father know of his incarceration. The friend arrived, when the following conversation ensued: "Ed, how did you come here?" "I came by two majority." It had taken three policemen to lock the fellow up. The friend was so pleased with the answer that the bail was furnished.

The French cannot pronounce cough, but they use Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. 25 cents.

A boon to suffering humanity—Salvation Oil! It kills all pain. Price 25 cents.

THE TREASURE-CHEST.

A Spanish Moor, being on the eve of setting out on a pilgrimage to Mecca, entrusted all his money to a man who had hitherto borne a reputation for unblemished probity.

His fortune consisted of two thousand besants. On his return he was not a little surprised when the reputed honest man denied all knowledge of himself or his money.

The pilgrim entered a complaint against him, entreated the judge to help him to his property, and took his oath on the truth of his statement—but all in vain! The old man's good name outweighed all he could say; the plaintiff was nonsuited, and went away in despair.

Presently he met an old woman, who was toddling along with the help of a staff. Touched by the stranger's grief, she stopped him, halted him in Allah's name, bade him take heart, and listened to his unvarnished tale.

"Be of good cheer, young man," said she; "maybe, with Allah's aid, I shall get back your gold. Do you buy a chest, and fill it with sand or mould; only let it be bound with iron and well locked. Then choose three or four discreet men, and come to me. We shall succeed, never fear."

The Spanish Moor followed her advice punctually. He came with four friends, bringing a chest which the strongest porters could scarcely drag along.

"Now follow me," said the old woman kindly.

On reaching the door of the supposed honest man, she went in with the Spaniard's four friends, bidding the latter wait below, and not make his appearance until the chest had been carried upstairs. She now stood in the presence of the hypocrite, when she introduced her four companions.

"Be-hold!" said she. "Here are some honest Spaniards about to make a pilgrimage to Egypt. Their treasures are boundless. They possess, among other things, ten chests full of gold and silver that they know not where to stow away just at present. They desire to entrust them to safe hands for a time; so I, well knowing your honesty and unsullied reputation, have brought them hither. Pray fulfil their wishes."

Meanwhile she had the heavy chest brought in, which the pretended honest man gloated over with greedy looks. But just then the despoiled pilgrim rushed in, impetuously claiming back his two thousands besants.

The faithless depositary was frightened lest the young man should reproach him with his treachery in the presence of strangers, who would then take away their chest with its untold treasures, which he had already determined to appropriate to himself.

"Be welcome!" he cried to the Moor. "I was almost fearing you would never come back, and was puzzled what I should do with the two thousand besants. Allah be praised! who has brought you back safe! Here is what belongs to you."

The Spanish Moor went away with his treasure as triumphant as though he were carrying off so much booty.

The old woman begged the master of the house to put this first chest in a safe place, while she went and ordered the rest to be sent. She went off with her four companions, and, of course, never returned.

Corks and Popping.—He was naturally bashful, and her in company was as dull as an oyster. She understood him, and one evening asked plainly what made him so silent whenever he called on her.

"I—er—I don't know," he stammered. "I always—ah—have something to say before you come in, but I can't get it out."

"Indeed!" she said encouragingly.

"Yes; I am like a bottle that is corked up tight."

"Very tight?"

"Yes—indeed, very."

"Well, that isn't so bad as you think. There is one good thing about it."

"What is it, pray?"

"Why, you know, the tighter a bottle is corked the more forcibly it pops." He grasped the situation at once; and now she does not care whether he talks or not. She is content to do it all herself.

Wasted Time.—A Hungarian who had been fifteen years making a coat of mail entirely of wood, wherein not a single link was wanting, carried it to Hunniadee, the war-like king of Hungary.

The monarch, instead of praising his ingenuity, as he had expected, sentenced him to be confined in prison for fifteen years for wasting so much time and ability in so useless an employment.

All true work is sacred; in all true work, were it but true hand labor, there is something of divineness. Labor, wide as the earth, has its summit in heaven. Sweat of the brow, and up from that to sweat of the brain; sweat of the heart, which includes all Kepler calculations, Newton meditations, all sciences, all spoken epics, all acted heroisms.

Forbearance and self-control smooth the road of life and open many ways which would otherwise remain closed.

The Worry of a Constant Cough, and the Soreness of Lungs which generally accompanies it are both remedied by Dr. Jayne's Expectorant.

"Is this dear, old lady your grandmamma?"
Asked Smythe, as he turned the album o'er:
"She has your features and your eyes;
I've certainly seen the old lady before."

"Oh no!" stammered Ethel, while blushing quite red,
"It's a friend." What an awfully wicked deception:
She's afraid to confess the photo her own
Before using Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

But it was! All those disorders of females, accompanied by sallow complexion, expressionless eyes, pimply skin and haggard looks, Ethel once suffered. A friend, who was a friend indeed, told her of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and since taking it not a few of her friends have failed to recognize in the blooming, rosy, sweet-lipped girl, the once sallow-cheeked, hollow-eyed Ethel.

WARRANTED. "Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for "Female Weakness" and kindred ailments, sold by druggists, under a *positive guarantee* of satisfaction, or money refunded. The certificate of guarantee, printed on every bottle-wrapper, has been faithfully carried out for many years.

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Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets

DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS

Purely Vegetable and Perfectly Harmless.

Unequaled as a **Liver Pill.** Smallest, cheapest, easiest to take. **One tiny, Sugar-coated Pellet a Dose.** Cures **Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks,** and all derangements of the stomach and bowels. 25 cents, by druggists.

TO PLAY MUSIC
WITHOUT STUDY!

This Can Be Done by Means of the

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE to the PIANO or ORGAN.

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called," or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, a half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child if it can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as BOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY. Its cheapness and usefulness, moreover, would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. (Postage stamps, 5's, taken.) For Ten Cents extra a music book, containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,
726 SANSOM ST., PHILADELPHIA.

Latest Fashion Phases.

Owing to the mildness of the weather goods were not the success they were anticipated, so they were accordingly reduced, and offered at tempting prices to the public. Among well dressed women dark green and dark blue, trimmed with beaver, figure conspicuously.

The fur appears round the edge of the skirt, mostly only on the front breadths, and as wide revers on the coats. A band of it often forms the deep, close-fitting brim of the toque, while cloth, matching the costume, is folded and drawn up to form the crown above it.

Some of the vicuna skirts have a band of watered silk about 5 or 6 inches deep, placed at the same distance from the edge, and wide sashes at the back. This style is carried out in black watered silk on dark green, terra-cotta and bright crimson.

The bodice has cuffs, waistcoat, and revers of silk. The hat is usually of soft felt, prominent in front, much pinched up at the back, and adorned with wide black moire ribbon.

The Directoire costumes are at their height of popularity. They are chiefly made of plain black cloth, the long skirt separate from the skirt, so that the latter may be changed, for variety.

Red, with black embroidery, and gray with gold and black braiding, are worn as the petticoat and vest to black coats. Poplin sometimes composes the petticoat which shows widely in front (as the coats are cut away towards the sides), and is sewn into the waistband in fine gathers. The foundation may be of silk, with a pleating of material round the edge.

Trimming is now sold for sewing on to these petticoats in black or fancy gimps. It is in several widths, some as much as a quarter of a yard deep, and has the appearance of a handsome braiding, or of coarse gimp canvas.

Embroidered China crepe shawls, especially white, embroidered in black, are adapted as the front and sides of an evening gown, with a panel of rich black silk, satin Merveilleux, or velvet dividing them. If possible, a little crepe is arranged on the front of the bodice. Sometimes the front of a teagown is composed of one of these embroidered shawls.

An elegant evening gown consists of a skirt of delicate flowered satin, such as roses, etc., on a soft pink ground, with an overskirt of large meshed black silken canvas or fine French lace, intersected with stripes of tolerably black velvet, three rather close together in front, and then again at the side.

The bodice has the lace or canvas over the flowered satin with transparent sleeves partly opened up the back of the arm, and revers of velvet. The skirt is only slightly lifted, and the whole hangs soft and gracefully. A pleating or ruching edges the skirt.

A quaint amalgamation of color, but in the hands of a skilful artist a successful one, is a gown of soft pale green shot with gray, opening on one side to show an underskirt, or broad panel, of buttered-colored silk, edged with chinchilla.

Some ball gowns have the front of either draped, plain or beaded tulle, with the back arranged with deep tucks at distances, decreasing towards the waist. Others have rows of narrow satin ribbon, sewn close together on the front widths of the skirt, reaching almost to the knee with sashes of wide satin ribbon tied at one side.

Braces of tulle, with narrow ribbon, trim the bodice.

Frequently the fan matches, as fans with these narrow ribbons run in and out are fashionable at present. White ribbon on gray or pale green tulle looks well, but, as a rule, the ribbons match the tulle.

A fashionable bootmaker has successfully launched his yachting shoes for ladies, which are to be seen in maroon leather with white heels, sewing, and white ribbon lacing up the instep; in navy blue with white, and in white kid with scarlet ribbon, heels and sewing. They are smart in appearance.

For evening shoes there is a most dainty-looking ornamentation, composed of four little loops like a mouse's ears made in the silk as the shoe, lined with a contrasting color, standing up on the instep, but clustered together and secured by a loop and some beadwork below on the toe. The silk hose are sold with the shoes in the exact shade.

High flaps on the instep are still worn with walking and indoor shoes, but they are usually pointed instead of straight as hitherto.

A single paste stud is now considered the best taste on black satin evening slippers.

Gray notepaper is fashionable, and a novel box for it is in the form of an old rustic iron trunk, of small size, with nails and padlock, all complete.

As dessert d'oyleys, there have just appeared some lovely ones of lace in the form of a small fan, with the simulated mounts carried out in gold Japanese twist. They are sold in sets.

Untarnishable silver powder boxes and smelling salt bottles (or rather the cases of them) are now in fashion. They are in raised repousse work.

There is always something new and pretty in the way of hats and bonnets. They are now making a good many baby bonnets, small and almost flat, with trimming arranged low, this is the latest fashion.

For example, one bonnet had a black lace brim, the crown of fulled net, with narrow pink or gold ribbon (about the third of an inch wide) interlaced passing in and out; for trimming, one or two small rosettes of the narrow pearl-edged ribbon, two little whitewings, or a tiny bunch of velvet violets.

Another had a cloth of gold crown and white lace brim; bows of velvet or violets or primroses.

An uncommon capote was made with a puffed white tulle crown, the two sides of black velvet spangled and worked with gold, like an Alsatian headdress; outside a little aigrette bow of pale green satin ribbon was placed in the middle of the white tulle. These are the ancient and real Alsatian headdresses, much sought after and prized on account of the exquisite embroidery.

A toque made for a duchess had a flat light gray cloth crown; the brim in dark velvet folds; outside red violets and mimosa, amongst which were two small horse's ears, made of dark gray velvet and lined with light cloth.

Another model consists of a round hat with brim of pleated velvet; a ribbon jarretiere round the crown, and large bows of the same ribbon, which was striped pink and vieux blue.

A tricorn hat of silver gray felt was lined with gray velvet, and trimmed with shaded gray feathers and ribbon. Another tricorn was wood-brown cloth and velvet, with two owl's wings and mordore ribbon.

A beguin capote had a twist of pink satin in the front, and a moss-green satin crown, forming two bandeaux like a coronet; pink strings, and small moss green feather tips.

A toque for the theatre was pink velvet with fulled lace crown, from whence rose pink aigrettes.

A white velvet beguin was worked with thick gold thread, much in relief; narrow satin strings, and outside loops of ribbon and white aigrettes.

We saw a visiting dress of pearl gray silk velouline; tablier embroidered at the corner with graduated points in different shades of the same color, and at the edge a Greek pattern was cut out in sharp points; and the back of the dress was Russian-gray silk velouline, made quite plain, the bodice was pointed, and turned back on the right side with one large revers, heavily embroidered, and almost coming to the waist double revers of a dark green velvet, with four large buttons, each with a finely-painted miniature; these revers show a waist-coat plastron of finely pleated pink crepe, and cravat to match; on the left side near the shoulder, a small green velvet revers; the inside, or part of sleeve nearest the arm, of pleated crepe.

Odds and Ends.

SOME GOOD RECIPES.

Polpette.—Pound 1½lb. of lean beef in a mortar, add 6 ozs. breadcrumbs wetted and squeezed dry in a cloth, and 3 ozs. of butter, mix well. Then take ½oz. each of citron peel finely minced; of chocolate grated, of pine kernels, of sugar, and 1 oz. of Parmesan cheese grated; add pepper, salt and the least bit of powdered cinnamon and nutmeg, and mix all these ingredients in meat in the mortar; then gradually mix in three or more eggs so as to form a compact paste. Spread a little flour on the table, put the paste on it, and form into balls the size of a small orange. Have a saucepan with plenty of lard boiling hot, and fry the balls in this a couple of minutes; then lay them all in a saute pan, pour over them some well flavored tomato sauce, and let them simmer gently about half an hour serve with sauce under.

Potato Balls (Duchesses).—Take half a dozen potatoes, boil them, and pass them through a sieve, and work into them in a bowl one gill of cream and the yolk of 3 eggs; add pepper, salt and nutmeg to taste, and some parsley finely chopped. When they are well mixed and smooth, take them up by tablespoonfuls, roll each in a ball, flatten it and flour it slightly. Lay them all in a saute pan with plenty of butter melted, and cook them slowly. Turn them over when one side is done, and serve hot as soon as both sides are colored.

Mashed Potatoes.—Boil a quantity of potatoes and pass them through a sieve. Put them into a saucepan with a good lump of butter, and salt to taste; add a little milk, and work them well on a slow fire for some minutes, adding small quantities of milk as it is required, until they get of the desired consistency.

Potato Pudding.—Boil four large potatoes, and pass them through a sieve, stir into them powdered loaf sugar to taste, and the yolks of two or three eggs; add a few drops of essence of lemon, then the whites of the eggs whisked to a froth; mix quickly and well; pour into a plain mould, buttered and breadcrumbed, and bake for twenty minutes in a quick oven. Serve with sweet sauce.

Sweet Sauce.—Beat up the yolks of four eggs with four tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar; add a tumblerful of sherry and a liquor glass of brandy; put the mixture in a jug; place this in a saucepan of boiling water on the fire and froth up the same with a chocolate mill.

French Rice Pudding.—Pick and wash in two or three waters a couple of handfuls of rice, and put it to cook in rather less than a quart of milk, sweetened to taste, and with the addition of the thin rind of one lemon, cut in one piece, and a small stick of cinnamon. Then stir into it the yolks of four eggs and one whole egg beaten up, add a small quantity of candied citron cut into small pieces, and mix it well in. Butter and breadcrumb a little plain tin mould, put the mixture into it and bake in a quick oven for about a half an hour. To ascertain when the pudding is done, insert a bright trussing needle into it, and if it comes out clean it is done.

Polenta Fritters.—Put a pint of water and an ounce of butter, with a pinch of salt into a saucepan on the fire. When the water boils, drop in with one hand some maize flour, and by means of a spoon stir with the other hand as if making porridge until a liquid paste is obtained. Care must be taken not to put in much flour, and to put it in very gradually, so as to get a perfectly smooth paste. Now add plenty of grated Parmesan cheese and powdered pepper to taste, stir well, and turn out on a marble slab to cool. When cold, cut it out into small uniform pieces, flour them, and fry in hot lard.

Cheese Straws.—Make a paste with 6 ozs. of flour, 4ozs. of butter, 3ozs of grated Parmesan cheese, and as little water as possible; season it with salt, pepper and cayenne according to taste; roll it out thin and cut it into little narrow strips, brush them over with a little yolk of egg diluted with water bake in a moderate oven and serve while hot.

Cheese Fritters.—Put about a pint of water into a saucepan with a piece of butter, the least bit of cayenne, and plenty of black pepper. When the water boils throw gradually into it sufficient flour to form a thick paste; then take it off the fire and work into it about a quarter of a pound of ground Parmesan cheese, and the yolks of three or four eggs and the whites of two beaten up into a froth. Let the paste rest for a couple of hours, and proceed to fry by drooping pieces of it the size of a walnut into plenty of hot lard. Serve sprinkled with very fine salt.

Omelette au Lard.—Beat up three or four eggs with a heaped tablespoonful of bacon, half lean and half fat, cut up to the size of very small dice; add pepper to taste, and salt, if it is necessary and then proceed as usual.

Roast Fillet of Beef.—Take a piece of the undercut of sirloin of beef, trim off the fat neatly and the thin skin next to it; lard, not too finely, that side of it with fat bacon, and lay it for a whole day in a pie dish, with plenty of olive oil, pepper, salt, parsley, slices of onion and laurel leaves. Tie it on the spit, cover the larded side with a piece of buttered paper, roast it at a brisk fire, and do not let it be overdone. Baste it frequently with its own gravy, and a short time before serving remove the piece of paper to let the larding take color. Serve with its own gravy round it.

THE SUM of the whole is this: walk and be happy, walk and be healthy. "The best of all ways to lengthen our days" is not, as Mr. Thomas Moore has it, "to steal a few hours from night, my love;" but, with leave be it spoken, to walk steadily and with a purpose. The wandering man knows of certain ancients, far gone in years, who have staved off infirmities and dissolution by earnest walking,—hale fellows close upon eighty and ninety, but brisk as boys.

Confidential Correspondents.

GAS.—Water yields steam in larger volume than any other liquid.

ETCHING.—"Cynthia" was a surname of Diana, the goddess of the moon.

POST.—An "altruist" is one who is careful of the interests of others, carrying out the golden rule.

COMPANY.—The word "limited" in connection with a firm name indicates that a limitation of responsibility for each member is fixed.

SPRING.—Easter day is always the first Sunday after the full moon which happens upon or next after March 21, and if the full moon happen on a Sunday, Easter day is the Sunday following.

CLASS.—The length of a day's march for troops depends, to a great extent, upon the condition of the roads, the supply of water, forage, etc. Under ordinary circumstances infantry should march from 15 to 20 miles a day; cavalry about 30 miles.

SUFFERER.—The sore condition of the face of the stump is probably an indication that the artificial limb which you are wearing does not fit properly. You should take the leg to the hospital and show them that, as well as the stump. Perhaps you began to wear an artificial support too early, which often results in making the scar of the operation on the wound painful.

M. E. L.—We can only say that when the first time of love is over, there comes a something better still. Then comes, or should come, faithful friendship which never changes, and which will accompany you with its calm light through the whole of life. It is only needful to place yourself so that it may come, and then it comes of itself. And then everything turns and changes itself to the best.

LEX.—There are different definitions by different amateur associations. Most of them define an amateur to be any person who has never competed in an open competition or for money or under a false name, or with a professional for prizes, or where gate money is charged; nor has ever at any time taught, pursued or assisted at athletic exercises for money, or for any valuable consideration.

NEW ORLEANS.—The word "creole" is a corruption from the Spanish, meaning a person born in America or the West Indies, of European ancestors. In its English use the word is limited to persons born within or near the tropics, but is made to include persons of all colors. The application of the term in some regions to mulattoes has led to a false idea that a "creole" necessarily has some negro blood in his or her veins.

MONTEZUMAN.—To stain white wood to represent ebony, use the following method. First make a black stain by boiling one pound of logwood in four quarts of water, adding a double handful of walnut peel or shells; boil up again, take out the chips, add a pint of the best vinegar, and it will be fit for use; apply when boiling. If, when dry, a solution of green copperas—an ounce to a quart of water—be applied when hot over the first stain, it will be greatly improved.

HIGH S.—Applicants for admission to the United States Civil Service examinations must be citizens, and of the proper age. No discrimination is made on account of sex, color, or political or religious opinions. The blank for the Departmental service should be asked for directly of the Commission at Washington. The blank for the Customs or Postal service must be requested in writing by the persons desiring examination at the office where service is sought. These papers should be returned to the officers from whom they emanated. The qualified age for the departmental and customs service is 18 to 45, and for the postal service is 18 to 35. These limitations do not extend to applicants honorably discharged from either the army or navy, nor to any examinations for places requiring peculiar information or skill.

JOSE.—There is not much trustworthy information in regard to the religions of China. There are several religious sects among the Chinese, but the principal elements of belief are similar. They believe in three great existences—two of them original, and without beginning or end, and the third the product of the other two. Of the first two existences, one is spiritual, the other material; the three together are heaven, earth and man. Heaven is spiritual; earth material, but everlasting; and man the product of both. The figures and graven images to which the Chinese pay reverence (uncouth as they are) do not represent gods, but good men who have eminently benefited their race during their stay on earth. They suppose that these men are in heaven, enjoying a spiritual and carnal immortality, but that the spiritual part possesses the power of being present here on earth, and of being cognizant of all that passes among the living. Missionaries who have long been in China give discouraging accounts of the obstinacy with which the ignorant and prejudiced natives reject their teachings, and cling to their own childish and absurd beliefs.

SOLITAIRE.—All old maids are not thought harshly, and unjustly, and unkindly of. After all, the opinion of others depends more upon our own actions than the legendary disadvantages of old bachelorhood or old maidenhood. It is a well-known and indisputable fact, that people who live alone, and interest themselves in themselves alone, generally become selfish, cantankerous, and necessarily disagreeable to others. A woman who has children and a home to look after, has plenty of thoughts that lead her from herself and the contemplation of her own personal misfortunes, real or fancied; but a woman who lives alone, and grows old with only herself to think of and contemplate from morning to night, must be taken up incessantly with the inevitable "self." This shows us at once the superiority of the married woman over the conventional old maid. But a woman with humanity and sympathy will always create for herself interests outside her own affairs to occupy her otherwise uselessly wasted time. She will visit the poor and the sick and the afflicted, or she will teach their children, or she will have some brother's or sister's children to look after. In short, it is only selfishness and idleness that can produce such degeneracy of humanity as is supposed to result in the creature vulgarly known as an "old maid."